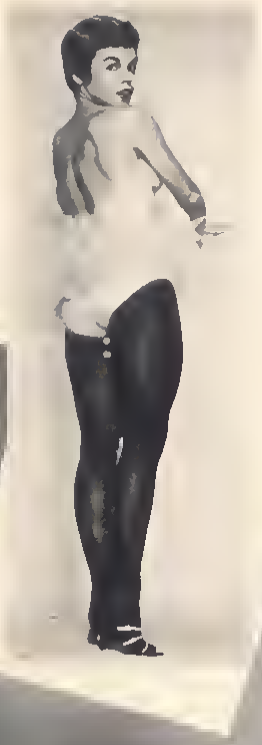
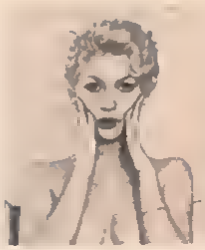
The magazine devoted to pleasure
THE DUDE
MAY, 1959
ART: SEX OR ESTHETICS?
ALLEN CHURCHILL
GARY BELKIN
WAMBLY BALD
HENRY SLESAR
FIFTY CENTS



Vegas isn't all harsh lights and dice tables... *see page 33.*



THE DUDE

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the Magazine Devoted to Pleasure

EDITOR — Bruce Elliott

MANAGING EDITOR — Nathaniel Lehrman

PRODUCTION MANAGER — Selma P Olson

ADVERTISING DIRECTOR — Scott R. Gary

BUSINESS MANAGER — Frederick A Klein

ART DIRECTOR — Maurice Murray

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RIGHT DRESS

Wilson Contrell

"Once upon a midnight dreary, while I was lying weak and weary, sipping whiskey from her slipper, looking at my soft Lenore."

Now, every once in a while, the dream comes back to me. How lovely Lenore looked that evening, as we relaxed in her apartment on swank Sutton Place, overlooking the East River. I remember how the day started. Lenore and I had been shopping for shoes and as we walked around upper New York we stopped by the very chic salon of Capezio, the dancer's cobbler.

We were looking for two pairs of shoes, one for me and one for her from which I could sip champagne without it leaking through an open toe. We had been every place in the big city, but every shoe we saw that was cheap . . . *was* cheap.

Naturally, the minute we announced ourselves at the Capezio showroom, everyone ran out to see Lenore (she wore little more than shoes). The head of the men's fashion department, Burt Wayne, stuck out his palm and I shook his hand. Lenore grabbed him around the neck and planted a big smootch on his cheek. (She got *more* things wholesale that way!)

In a few seconds, Mr. Wayne (obviously impressed) had twelve pairs of Capezios standing in front of us, and then he started something new: matching shoes for Lenore and me.

Before we had a chance to try them on, Mr. Wayne was telling Lenore about the trends in men's shoes. She loved every minute of it. They sat on the floor as good old Burt (he was an old friend by now) passed shoe after shoe her way. First came the

evening pumps. Patent leather would remain popular but the bow on the front of the old style evening slipper would give way to a plain elastic band (see picture 1).

These patent leather evening "pumps" would remain plain but for those daring young gadabouts, Capezio had developed something better—a black evening shoe made of cloth—a solid black paisley slip-on. Wow, what a shoe! And Lenore's buttons popped as she saw what Burt was holding, a matching black paisley evening shoe for her to wear . . .

with a closed, sharply pointed toe (see picture 2). This was a great shoe to drink champagne out of.

But the show wasn't over. Lenore put her arm around Burt. I was getting jealous. The next shoe was a beige sweet kid, he commented as he whispered sweet nothings in her ear. This was also a matching set, beautifully done in light tan leather. Lenore's shoe had laces which gave it a highly styled European look and mine were once again a slip-on style. The slip-ons would eventually be THE man's shoe—except for bankers and old codgers.

These perfectly foot-tailored shoes matched in every way, and they came off very easily (see picture 3). And here were the summer shoes. Lenore was intriguing as she described how she could wear them down to the beach when we went for our midnight skin swims, but I shut her up lest she give good old Burt Wayne the right impression.

These summer shoes were cool, and soft, made of straw, yet pliable and comfortable. They were made of natural straw cloth. Hers were low heeled and mine had elastic bands on the sides which made them easy to get in and out of. I had to have something like that because Lenore sometimes lost her head and tried to drag me into the water. These natural straw shoes (see picture 4) refused to get dirty, and Lenore's lipstick came right off with a rub. I also spotted a pair of black hemp shoes with a rougher texture, made of coarse hemp, sturdy and probably the most durable summer shoe made.

We bought them all. Lenore and Burt were examining the rest of the shoes on the floor, so I ambled over to gander at some other evening shoes nearby. Capezio had them in black satin and black brocade slip-ons. I slipped them on and walked around a bit. Comfortable?—it was like walking on a foam rubber bed covered with silk sheets. The design was perfect, too, with a small tongue (that's the piece that extends to the top front of the shoe, buddy) and just enough elastic to keep the shoe on snugly, and yet not too snugly.

This Capezio outfit knows its business. And so did Burt Wayne. I got back to Lenore just in time and grabbed her. "It's time to leave, honey," said I, sensing a bit of competition. But Lenore wasn't ready to go.

"Honey my eye," said she. "I'm not leaving till you buy me the whole lot," she beamed as she swung her arms around the room, knocking her favorite shoes into convenient boxes. Now who am I to make a beautiful gal feel bad? So we bought the whole bunch.

The prices were fabulously low, especially when you consider that Capezio makes the shoes for all the Broadway shows and for most of the movie stars, with the best materials available.

If you want a Capezio shoe, you've got to get it from Capezio in New

York. For any brochures or styles and prices, just write to Capezio, 756 Seventh Ave., New York City. Tell them Lenore sent you and you'll get service damn fast.

I was ambling out of the showroom, followed by Lenore who was followed by Burt Wayne, when I spied a black leather shoe, nice and plain (see picture 5) and an Indian boot, also in smooth black leather. I figured I could drink a helluva lot of champagne out of a boot, so I bought that, too. I had enough money

because I got our Capezios at such a good price.

So Lenore kissed Burt goodbye and I loaded up with twelve shoeboxes. We stepped into the Rolls and sped to her luxurious East Side mirrored boudoir.

When we got there, we put all the shoes around the bed and practiced drinking champagne out of each one. As the hours whiled away I was getting pretty weak and weary looking at my soft Lenore. But Lenore, she was having a helluva time. She was drinking out of my Capezio boot and munching toasted marshmallows, murmuring, "Tickle my toe again, Burt." You got to watch out for those damn shoe salesmen.

IN YOUR HAT

If you all don't think I stopped traffic zooming around N.Y. in that 1901 Olds that we used for the cover shot on this issue, you're out of your little minds.

Advertised as the car with the Backward Look, this little charmer has a four hp air-cooled motor, two speeds forward—one reverse, and gets over sixty-seven miles to the gallon. It's top speed of thirty-five mph feels like you're going ninety when you go bouncing along on those high, thin tires.

The fascinating thing about this modern antique is that all the parts are currently being made so there's no replacement problem.

The day we borrowed the car for the cover shot, Martha Raye had just ordered one to use as an estate car.

If you'd like to follow her lead drop a line to "Merry Olds," 1270 Avenue of the Americas, N.Y. 20, N.Y.

Another example of the increasing interest in the Backward Look is a gimmick that seems to be doing very large in these parts, namely and to wit, spittoons. They're made of solid brass and are just the shape grandpa used.

Depending on the size, they range in price from less than five to around eight bucks. The Edwin House at 145 W. 4th St., N.Y.C., stocks them if you're in the mood.

In case Gary Belkin's name (pp. 26 *et seq.*) seems familiar, he was one of the writers on the late lamented Sid Caesar TV show.

Allen Churchill, "The Call of the Mild," is a name you know both from books, and if you were a G.I. in W.W. II, you'll remember him from "Yank" of sacred memory.

Carlton Brown's byline has been around for longer than he cares to remember. Try "Sic Transit . . ." and you'll see why he's been so successful for two decades.

Wambly Bald, long-time newspaperman and feature writer, dropped everything and hied himself down to New Orleans when I heard the rumor that "Herbsaint" might well be the answer to a question that plagues all men from time to time . . . His report is on page 44.

And apropos of "Herbsaint," it was introduced to New Yorkers at a cocktail party thrown at one of Manhattan's smarter mink-lined bistros, Le Cupidon. A "tasting" was held and reports considered . . .

Shown here are Hugh O'Brian and some friends debating the merits of the liqueur.

Final conclusions have not yet been registered.

One of our roving correspondents recently came home from a trip to the land of Nippon beer with a look in his eye that was distinctly *not* homesickness. It seems that certain *adverse* developments in one of that country's most ancient and profitable industries (*not* the manufacture of hula hoops) have created a situation so fraught with contradictions that, paradoxically, in his own words, "Business is better than ever." But let him tell the rest of the story:

"Before I went back (I'd been in Japan before, in the service), I read about the Japanese government outlawing prostitution. Well, I, for one, had built up a healthy respect for the hardiness of the local 'business girls,' as they euphemistically call themselves, but the effect of this blow would be too much for even *them*, I figured—especially with the economy booming and there being plenty of room in industry to absorb the girls.

"How delightfully wrong I was. The 'business girls' have gone out of business, in other words gotten off the streets, and they've become 'cabaret girls.'

"You see, the law's a little fuzzy on certain points. Apparently the girls are forbidden to solicit publicly, but there's nothing to stop them from spending the night at a hotel with a 'friend' met while serving drinks.

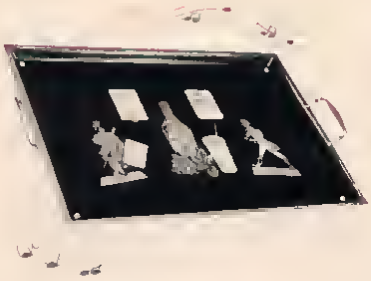
"So by working in the cabarets, they get out of the cold night air and, as food handlers, they're required to take weekly V.D. inspections. Everything's worked out better—even their health!"

Hoping you're the same, b.e.

queen's corner

many faced mugs

Match the expression on your face with an inscription on your mug. This set of six café mugs comes hand-inscribed in red, green, blue, brown or black on a white background, with any two words or names of your choice. Each mug holds 18 ounces and is excellent for coffee, milk, soup, or, if you're so inclined, even beer! $10.00



musical tray

Let your guests sing for their drinks, accompanied by this unique musical tray, which plays "How Dry I Am" or "He's a Jolly Good Fellow" when lifted. Finished in black, double-baked, satin texture, with colorful reproductions of famous whiskey labels on its face. Chip and alcohol resistant. Indicate tune you prefer. $10.50

seven sister step-ins

How many ways does she love you? Let her count the days—and this gift will help her. Seven heavenly, curve hugging nylon panties, each one unique in color and motif. How many gals can boast that they come in seven different, delicious colors? The filigree box can be used as a jewel box. $6.95

little boy surprise siphon

Put the life of the party out of business with this character. Modeled after the famous Belgian statue, the "little boy" is a working work of art. He's easy to use and fits all standard bottlenecks. This is a friend you can depend on when the lights are low, the snow is deep and the first guest arrives. $3.50

key chain combination

A miniature pair of pliers and screwdriver from Italy. The key chain is brass and the tool case is genuine leather. Extremely handy for the fixiteer. Fiddle with these over martinis and maybe the hint will bury itself way down deep in her subconscious. If not, you still have an excellent do-it-yourself item. $2.50

slide rule tie clasp

A working slide rule tie clasp in sterling silver or gold plated. Be he an engineer, architect, draftsman, designer, accountant, businessman or student, this is something he will cherish for a lifetime. Decorative, useful and distinctive. Fully calibrated with scales A, C, and D. Specify sterling silver or gold plate. $6.95

5/59

The Dude Magazine, 48 West 48th Street, New York 36, New York

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— SEND CASH, CHECK OR MONEY ORDER —

_____ Many Faced Mugs

_____ Musical Tray

_____ Seven Sister Step-Ins

_____ Little Boy Surprise Siphon

_____ Key Chain Combination

_____ Slide Rule Tie Clasp

Any letters sent to the letters column will have full signatures, unless you request we use initials. Anonymous letters will, as always, be carefully kept in the circular file.

NEIGHBORHOOD SEX CULT INDEED!

Dear DUDE:

May I thank you for a good November issue? I especially liked two articles. One was "How to be Perfectly Casual." It—at long last—put the issue squarely up to Miss Vanderbilt. Although I (for one) am not a "leader of a modest neighborhood sex cult," I appreciate Mr. Brown's remarks about how Amy covers "every conceivable situation." Ha!

Also, I felt that "Strictly U.N. Jazz" did a competent job with a very tough subject. After all, the fantastic growth of jazz overseas has produced some solid talents, and I think Mr. Feehan showed taste and probity in making his selections. (I *really* dug his comments on Dou Shirley and the Australian Jazz Quartet, both of whom should have been brought down lung ago!) Two sour notes: The Dylan Thomas bit and the "Soblassery" thing were nowhere.

Judy Hibbs
New York City

CAUGHT WITH OUR SIBLINGS DOWN

Dear DUDE:

As a constant reader of both *Dude* and *Gent*, I've always considered them real he-man, masculine-type magazines. Now, maybe there's something wrong with *me*, but there's one thing I don't dig. In your letters column, I've noticed several times that your editor always refers to the other mag as our "sister publication." Come, come, girls!

R.J.W.
Tucson, Arizona

SEAT OF HUMANITY

Dear DUDE:

My forthcoming book, *The Borgia's Mistress*, is dedicated to the loveliest ladies of our time, including the alluring Vikki Dougan, who has made gluteal cleavage as acceptable a part of social life as mammary cleavage has long been. Anatole France, the great novelist and student of humanity, once said: "There is nothing as pretty as a woman's behind" (*Il n'y a rien d'aussi joli que le derriére d'une femme*). As a worshipper at the shrine of Aphrodite Kallipygos (Venus of the Beautiful Buttocks), I was thrilled by the gorgeous photos in the pictorial essay ["Black is the Color"] of your November issue. They express with breath-taking beauty the very essence of feminine allure.

Norman Arlington
Gulfport, Florida

JAZZ SMORGASBORD

Dear DUDE:

It was with great interest that I read Gene Feehan's jazz article in November *Dude*. However, I must voice stern disapproval of a pair of statements contained in the article. Mr. Feehan chooses to call Arne Domnerus a Dane. That is like calling Ted Williams a Cuban outfielder. Before I got into radio as a disc jockey, I spent five years studying and working in Sweden. I know Arne Domnerus. He *is* a Swede. Another mistake was on the subject of Django Reinhardt. He was French by birth, although of Gypsy blood and heritage. He did not lose his fingers in a caravan fire, but rather in an industrial accident.

Complaint department, as you were! I wouldn't take the trouble to write you did I not enjoy your magazine very much indeed. I appreciate your format, but please, more sports and foreign car dope! I often use your magazine as a programming aid . . . WWRI being AM radio and not TV!

Please never, never make remarks on the old saw about Swedish immorality as so many other men's magazines do. Look at it this way. I am a Swede: I was conceived in a bed, not in the rear seat of a Detroit monstrosity.

Day Smidstroem
West Warwick, R.I.

Ed. Reader Sandstroem wins the round on the subject of Domnerus' birth, but writer Feehan defends himself by weakly maintaining he "was wrong by only a couple of hundred miles." Concerning the circumstances surrounding Django Reinhardt's birth and accident, however, Leonard Feather, a formidable authority on the subject, maintains that Reinhardt was born in Belgium. There does seem to be some doubt about where he lost his fingers, but Feehan states that many musicians who knew him personally and a large number of jazz historians insist that it was a caravan fire.

KUDOS

Dear DUDE:

The *Dude* is fast becoming a best seller! All the contents in your January issue are great! Keep it up!

Gerald C. Pestka
Chicago, Ill.

Dear DUDE:

I feel I must congratulate you on your fine magazine. I'm a seaman from the land down under and I must say that the first thing I do as soon as we clock in to the States is get my copy of *Dude*. Only wish we had it in New Zealand. Once again, I congratulate you all.

I. Treyner
Auckland, New Zealand

YE OLDEST RALLYIST

Dear DUDE:

Reference "Ye Olde Rally" by Michael Frost in January *Dude*. Come on now, Mr. Frost! You are a classic example of "If I don't do it and don't understand it, I don't like it . . ." Where did you ever dig up such a collection of exaggerations? Car-sick rallyists; navigators ". . . all the while performing more navigational problems in a day than a jet pilot does in a year, and necessarily solving them more accurately . . ." Ulcers yet?

I am one of the horde of sports car enthusiasts who do find it fun to (as you so quaintly put it) "bounce in an open sports car for hour after hour . . ." etc. I can't go on.

I presume that you, Mr. Frost, are not a sports car owner or driver. You seemed to elicit much glee from the fact that a 1950 Mercury won the 1956 Great Western Rally. One statement puzzles me, however, and that is where you state that American cars have been top contenders in European rallies for years. I read all the car magazines and I surely don't recall reading any time that a U.S. car ever won in a top rally. All I know is that I wouldn't take an American car on a rallye and try to keep up the average speed the way I do in my Swedish SAAB Granturismo 750.

May I suggest in the future, when you write about something that is so obviously unfamiliar that you check a little more with the people who do this sort of thing for the fun of it? You make sports car enthusiasts who rallye sound like the fellow who was slamming his head against the wall. When asked by a friend, "Doesn't it hurt?" he replied, "Yes, but it feels so good when I stop." We aren't like that at all.

Richard C. Stover
Rome, New York

WHO GOOFED?

Dear DUDE:

If Willard Marsh isn't at least miffed over the blurb preceding the title of his story, "Keep it in the Family" [January *Dude*], I'll once be surprised. The entire plot was exposed before the story ever started—at least for me. To the editor who approved it I can only say, "You, sir, are a story-spoiler, and I hope all your Carlas turn out to be rigid-frigid!"

W.L.M.
Ypsilanti, Mich.

Ed. And they have.

Saeey
CR5-7621
L.A. Summers.

article ALLEN CHURCHILL

ILLUSTRATED BY LEO SUMMERS

CALL OF THE MILD

With apologies to Jack London, Allen Churchill, the author of "Park Row," "The Incredible Ivar Kreuger," and the forthcoming "Improper Bohemians," set his traps in the sometimes sub-zero bistros of the Big Apple to see if he *could snare some furs . . .*

"Dream assignment," the editor breathed, puffed with satisfaction at having thought it up. "Go around exposing yourself to temptation, that's all. Who could ask for anything more? A dream assignment! Just dream!"

"Then why don't you do it yourself?" I asked.

He looked at me, shocked. "Couldn't possibly, old man. Wife and kids, you know. Respectability. Suppose something happened. Now you bachelors, people expect the worst of you . . ."

I quit listening. I'd heard it all before. From his desk I picked up the clipping and read it again. It was from a gossip column in one of the tabloids: "Newest gimmick for call girls who play the top bistros—they contact new customers by strolling by or picking up a conversation, then

leaving match packs with names, phones and other pertinent details behind."

"I don't believe it," the editor had said, showing me the clipping. "Or maybe I do. I dunno. That's where you come in. Expose your manly charms in a few spots. See if you come out with a match pack and a girl's name on it. If you do we'll smudge it up a bit and use it with the story you write. It should be a good one." He paused a moment. "Herbert Bayard Swope used to tell his reporters *'I have no further instructions. Just get the story and get back.'* My words to you, exactly."

Well, hell! . . . Almost every Manhattan male has heard at some time of a place where girls gather, or come quickly in response to a phone call. I knew of one, especially. It was on a main drag and often, passing by late at night, I'd look in to see a whirling mass of female arms, waving drinks. I must investigate that place some time, I'd say to myself.

So it was there I went—not exactly full of zeal for the new assignment, but full of zeal for the dough involved. I walked in about midnight, shoved up close to the bar and knew instantly that my uncanny journalistic instinct had led me to the perfect place.

It was something. Full of girls—and guys. The girls were young and fashionable looking, all with a high, expensive sheen. The men were middle aged, grossly well fed, radiating prosperity. Without exception, they sported sharp silk suits.

How did the guys and gals meet? I wondered—but not for long. A guy would whisper to the bartender. He would call out to a heavy, well-corseted woman who had the stately bosom of an opera singer. "Evie, talk to the guy," he'd shout. Evie and the man would have a short talk. Then Evie would go to the phone booth in the back. She spent a lot of time around the phone booth, answering as well as making calls. When a customer tried to use the phone booth Evie didn't like it. Once there was an argument and she told the guy, "Okay, if you don't use it long."

So Evie would seat her girth in the phone booth and dial a call. A few minutes later the door of the place would burst open and an eager young thing would burst in. "Hi, kids," she'd call out to the other girls, as if joining a sorority party. Then Evie would step up and introduce her to the man. The only person who seemed amused by all this was the piano player stuck away in a gloomy corner in the back. Each time a new girl came in, he'd interpolate a few bars of Cole Porter's "Love For Sale" into what he was playing. No one noticed but me. With the others, there was too much going on.

The place was right. But the price? I didn't want to get beyond the talking stage with any of these expensive-looking dolls. But even this, I guessed, would mount up. Still, I had to do something. So I ordered another drink and asked the barman, "How do I get me a girl?"

And here the story really begins! For the bartender fixed me with a glare of furious contempt. "*You?*" he snorted, close to the snapping point with exasperation. Slowly he mastered himself, picked up my check from where it lay on the bar.

"Look, Jack," he said patiently. "You got a single dollar twenty-five drink on here. It's taken you three-quarters of an hour to drink it, you been peerin' around so much. Now you give me another order, which'll make you a two-fifty bar bill."

He nodded up the bar at the well-groomed, silk-suited men. "You got any idea how much them guys up there spend?" he asked. "They come in here, they right away set 'em up for me, for Evie, for the guy at the piano. They buy the best, champagne cocktails and all. When they tell me they want a girl, they slip me five, ten. When they tell Evie what kinda girl they want, they slip her a twenty." He looked me square in the face. "But even without that, we don't fix up nobody unless he's got a twenty buck tab at the bar, and you're never gonna have a twenty buck tab. You just ain't got it in you."

He traveled down the bar to fix the drink I'd ordered, and when he came back to set it before me he was still wound up tight.

"Another thing," he said. "You'd never get nothin', coming in here in a sport coat. Not from me, not from the dames. Not from the dames, most of all. They take one look at you, right away forget what they seen. Jack, you don't look like money, you don't act like money. Them kids know how to size up a guy. They gotta know. They got the law to worry about all the time. They're scared stiff underneath and fear sharpens them up about a guy. Them girls know in one look you ain't got call-girl money. My advice to you is to blow outa here. You got nothin' we want, not even your lousy two-fifty for drinks. We may have something you want, but you ain't got the dough for it. For all I know, you may be a cop. Though I gotta say frankly that you don't look smart enough."

My first drink in the place had been long and lingering. This one went down in two gulps. As I plunged out of the place, a new girl was coming in. Behind me the piano tinkled, "Love For Sale" . . .

So that's how I rated in call-girl circles. Well, I still had a few ideas. One thing I remembered was a party a few months before. It had been notable for the presence of a middle-aged Hollywood actor, who'd behaved just as badly as they are supposed to act. A TV actress had brought her seventeen-year-old daughter along. The Hollywood guy made straight for the girl, got her in a corner and began a highly professional mauling. It was made worse by the mother. She looked everywhere but into that corner. Finally the girl came over and said something to her. She ended up, "But, Mother, I don't *like* him."

The mother had only smiled sweetly. "Just be nice to him, dear," she replied.

Watching this bit of by-play, I'd been standing next to a man I knew was a Park Avenue doctor. He nodded at the amorous Hollywood type and said, "I've got that sort of thing licked. Once a week, every Wednesday to be exact, I get a call girl for the night. Each week a different one. Expensive maybe, but worth it. Keeps the mind free and clear until next time."

It wasn't hard to find his name. I phoned, said it was personal, reminded him where we'd met. I got to his place after office hours and sat comfortably in one of his chairs. When I recalled our conversation at the party, he gulped. Then he laughed. "I don't tell many people about my little arrangement," he said. "But I might as well. My wife knows about it. You've seen her picture often on the society pages in newspapers."

He told me he and his wife had lost sexual interest in each other some twenty years ago. Since then, call girls on Wednesday night. "It used

(*turn to page* 60)

"There are certain universal forms of entertainment that have very little to do with environment..."

fiction — DANIEL COE

ILLUSTRATED BY DICK FRANCIS

A Storm to Remember

They could see the clouds piling up on the horizon, spitting occasional forks of lightning at the endless, empty prairie. But here, where they were driving, there was only the hot, choking, dust-laden wind that played games with the tumbleweeds, tossing them in the air and bouncing them along the ground until they lodged against the snow fence that paralleled the highway and looked incongruous in the shimmering summer heat.

Greta took a cigarette from her purse and leaned forward to ignite the car lighter. As she waited for it to pop out, she glanced at her husband. Carl's eyes were riveted to the gravel highway, his hands placed carefully on either side of the center of the wheel. She looked into the rear view mirror and saw her flushed face and untidy hair. Her lipstick was a ragged outline of her mouth. The cotton shorts that had been fresh that morning were creased and

wilted Her gaze returned to Carl and she felt a flash of fury. His silk sportshirt was unrumpled and his face was dry and pale You perfect son of a bitch, she thought, you don't even sweat!

Carl spoke first: "I don't understand how you can enjoy smoking in this heat."

"I'm a slave to nicotine."

She had thought the remark would annoy him, but he reached out to pat her, as one might soothe a grumpy child. His eyes didn't leave the highway and his hand touched her bare thigh. He returned it hastily to the wheel.

He said, "Look! There's a town up ahead."

She answered flatly, "It's a mirage."

"Don't be silly, honey. That's a grain elevator. Maybe there'll be a garage."

"I thought we wouldn't need gas, according to your elaborate calculations, until E-17 on the map."

"We won't, but the engine's been sounding funny. I'd like to have it looked at."

They drove in silence, at exactly fifty miles an hour, as they had driven for the four days since they left New York, vacation bound for North Dakota Greta fought down an increasing hysteria, but she felt that if she hadn't known they would reach their destination the next day she would have told Carl to stop the car and have gotten out and said, I'm sorry, Carl, but it's all over. It was as if all the tensions of their marriage and the steady meticulousness of his behavior were locked in the car with them, grotesquely distorted and inexorably permanent.

About a mile outside the town a semi-trailer roared past them, leaving a wake of dust that swept through the open car windows.

Greta mopped her face. "God! I wish that storm would break."

Carl eyed it knowingly. "It'll be at least another hour."

The town had a railroad station and a grain elevator facing the tracks. On the other side of the road was a string of wooden buildings fronting on a crumbling cement sidewalk.

Carl stopped in front of a building that had a lone gas pump. He waited a moment, then blew the horn As he got out of the car, a gaunt, sleepy-looking man dressed in levis came out of the building, rubbing the back of a dirty hand across his eyes. Carl spoke to him briefly and he opened the hood, bending reluctantly over the engine. In a few minutes Carl came to Greta's side of the car. She had combed her hair and was putting on lipstick. He leaned against the door.

"There's a bar down the street and the man says it's cool inside. Why don't you go down and have a cold drink. I'll join you as soon as I find out what he can do for Emma."

He patted the car affectionately. He always named their possessions. The car was Emma and the house was The Retreat and the summer cottage was Jusforfun.

Greta's skin stuck painfully to the moist leather as she tried to slide out of the seat. Her shorts were damp and only the halter top looked somewhat crisp. She felt Carl's eyes follow her as she walked along the road to the sidewalk, and deliberately let the motion of her walking sway her hips.

She passed three buildings and stopped in front of one that had beer signs in the window. She depressed the latch on the inner door and as she stepped across the threshold, a gust of wind caught the screen and slammed it open. She reached back to catch it and as she struggled to pull it shut, she noticed the semi-trailer that had passed them parked in front of the building.

The bartender was at the far end of the bar, talking to a man in khaki pants and shirt, who she decided must be the truckdriver. The only other customer was a farmer in overalls, with deep seams across his forehead, and huge, hairy forearms thrusting out of the rolled up sleeves of a faded blue shirt. He looked as though he had been rotated on a spit in the prairie sun, so the skin on his neck was as wrinkled and red as his forehead.

She ordered a Tom Collins and as she carried it to a table she saw the farmer eyeing her curiously, as one might examine cattle on the hoof. With a small sense of rebellion she moved in the same sinuous way she had left Carl, thinking, "There, old boy how to get your kicks on the Lone Prairee."

When she was settled at the table she lit a cigarette and took a long swig of the drink The fan completed a half circle and pointed toward her. She raised her arms to lift her long blonde hair away from her neck, and twisted in the chair to let the breeze cool her bare midriff and shoulders.

The truckdriver called over from the bar, "Pretty hot out there on the road, eh?"

She looked toward him but did not speak immediately. He was a bulky shadow in the dim light at the end of the bar. Finally she said coldly, "It doesn't help to get pushed around by trucks."

"Was that you I passed just outside town?"

She nodded yes and ran her tongue over her lips with a grimace. "I'm still eating the dust."

He stood up and walked toward her table "Look, I'm sorry about that. Why don't you let me buy you a drink to make up for it?"

She drained her glass and held it out to him, saying, "No, you can't buy me a drink, but you can bring one to me I'm too hot and exhausted to move."

He brought two drinks to the table and pulled back a chair "Okay?" He sat down before she could speak

The old building creaked as the wind caught and shook it. Greta drank a long draught and then said irritably, "Isn't that damn storm ever going to get here?"

He listened to the wind "It won't be long now Should be a good one."

He held out a pack of cigarettes She waved it away and took one of her own, which he lighted for her

"My name's Dick Gronson."

Now she eyed him steadily, pleased by the deep tan of his face and the brawny look of his body "Hello Dick Gronson."

He said, "You're not from around here."

She was vaguely amused and curious "Why am I not from around here?"

His eyes moved slowly and appreciatively over her scanty costume He said softly, "The car had New York plates."

She laughed aloud "A detective! Well, Mr Gronson, I shall match your cunning. You're not from around here either."

He mimicked her "Why am I not from around here?"

She let her glance move swiftly from the laughing eyes to the even

white teeth and along the open shirt collar to the wide shoulders and bulging shirt sleeves. "You say 'oot' and 'aboot' and that means you're Canadian or Virginian."

This time he laughed. "You have just won another drink, m'lady." He picked up the glasses and walked to the bar.

When he came back she said, "I thonght truckdrivers didn't drink while they were driving."

"They don't. I'm through for the day."

"Oh." She sipped again. "Isn't it surprising that the drinks are so good?"

"Not really. George spent ten years running his own bar in Baltimore."

"Why on earth did he come here?"

"This is his home. He likes it. He got sick of city life and high rent and asphalt streets."

She groaned. "And I wondered if he could make a Tom Collins!"

"Don't be embarrassed. He plays the hick part to the hilt. Would you like to know what he said when you came in?"

"I'm afraid to ask."

"He looked up and watched you struggling with the door and then he said, 'The heat's so bad the mirages have moved indoors.'"

They laughed together. She dragged on the fresh cigarette he lighted and said, "But what do you suppose people do to keep from going crazy in a place like this?"

His eyes danced again. "There are certain universal forms of entertainment that have very little to do with environment."

She looked at him sharply. "What do you do when you're not driving a truck?"

"Eat, sleep, drink, make love, read books . . ."

She interrupted. "That's not what I mean. You don't sound like a truckdriver."

"You didn't think George looked like a bartender."

"You're being evasive."

"All right. I have a degree in philosophy and for awhile I taught at a university, but I'm a lousy teacher and I hate the sedentary life." He smiled. "There's some confusion about what generation I belong to. I'm a little too young to be Lost and a little too old to be Beat, so I can't be happy boozing and bumming exclusively. Besides, I *like* to drive a truck."

THE DUDE

"He complained that he always has a miserable time at our parties"

Greta's head began to feel fuzzy and the air was suffocating. She said, "Excuse me, I think I'll find the Ladies' Room."

There was a sharp crack of thunder and she jumped instinctively. The truckdriver had stood up with her and he put his hand on her shoulder. "Don't be frightened. The thunder can't hurt you."

She smiled and walked toward a Restroom sign over a door at the end of the room. It was downstairs and the toilet was behind a wooden partition on the right. There was a swinging door cut through the partition and she pushed it inward, wrinkling her nose against the heavy antiseptic smell.

She returned to the outer room, doused her face in cold water and patted it dry. Then she put on fresh makeup and combed her hair. It was stifling in the tiny room, so she hurried. After a final look at her cameo face in the streaked mirror, she opened the door and stepped into the passageway.

A deep voice behind her said, "Come here—I want to show you something."

She whirled around and in the faint light of the hallway she could see the truckdriver with his hand outstretched toward her.

"Oh, it's you Dick . . . you scared me."

She walked toward him and put her hand in his. He led her through another door into a big room that held a furnace, stacks of whiskey cartons, and a cot.

He said, "George stays here sometimes if the weather's bad."

They crossed the room to another door and when he opened it they were at the foot of a short flight of stairs leading to the street. He pushed her gently in front of him and pointed upward. "Look."

The sky was purple black. Great shafts of lightning crackled out of the clouds, followed instantly by roars of thunder. The wind screamed furiously along the empty street, shaking the tired buildings and bending the trees almost double.

Greta shrank back against Dick and he encircled her with his arms.

(*turn over*)

THE DUDE

"That was some party—what happened to my husband?"

They stood there tensely, letting the violence of the storm course through them, feeling the ground tremble at the rumble of the thunder, blinking at the brilliance of the lightning. She moved more closely against him, and he turned her swiftly to face him, leaning down to kiss her hard on the mouth. He picked her up, kicked the door shut with his heel, and carried her to the cot, without ever lifting his head.

The first fat drops of water splattered against the basement windows, leaving trails of dust as they slid down the pane. Greta and Dick lay quietly, listening to the steady drumming of the rain. He lit a cigarette which they shared in silence. Suddenly she smiled and he said, "What?" The smile deepened and he touched the dimple at the side of her mouth with his forefinger. She said, "I forgot to tell you my name."

"Please don't."

She kissed the palm of his big hand and laid her cheek against it. "I won't."

The rain slackened and she sat up. "I have to go back upstairs."

"I'll go first if you'd like."

"Yes, that would be better."

He held her close for a moment, kissed her once more, and left.

Greta put on fresh makeup and climbed the stairs to the bar. Carl was sitting at one of the tables, drinking a Coke. He got up as she approached the table. "I didn't mean to take so long, honey, but I couldn't leave the garage till the rain let up a little."

"It's all right, Carl. I was very comfortable here."

He said, "That was quite a storm, wasn't it?"

"Fabulous."

"Weren't you nervous? You're usually afraid of storms."

"No. I think I'm getting over my fear of them."

He finished his Coke. "Good. I always told you it was silly." He looked at his watch. "The storm played hell with our schedule, though. We better hit the road."

They left the bar and ran to the car through the rain that still spattered fitfully in the street.

When they reached the edge of town Carl accelerated slowly until they were going fifty miles an hour. He settled more comfortably behind the wheel and said, "Wouldn't you wonder how people keep from going crazy in a town like that?"

Greta answered evenly, "There are certain universal forms of entertainment that have very little to do with environment."

He chuckled in surprise and reached out more boldly to pat her leg. "Well, well, we have a little philosopher in the family."

There's no doubt about it . . . there's something in the air in Germany that adds allure to their Maedchen . . .

pictorial essay

PHOTOGRAPHY BY TED NAVARRO

The girl next door *never* has it
The English lady would deplore it
Even the Parisienne can't capture it

It's subtle, the special allure of the much traveled German woman

Marlene Dietrich captured the world's imagination when she burst on the screen in *"The Blue Angel,"* with the special kind of sexual *Weltschmerz* that seems to come straight from the smoke-filled *Bierstubes* and *Rathskellers* of Berlin and Hamburg

Take Karin Bay, the subject of this portfolio Look deep into her eyes and then be grateful for the *Auslandsdeutschen*

At twenty, she's starred in two German movies, whose titles, roughly translated, are "Stallion," and "Don't Forget Love" She modeled in Hamburg, and danced in the ballet in Finland for a couple of years before arriving on the American scene

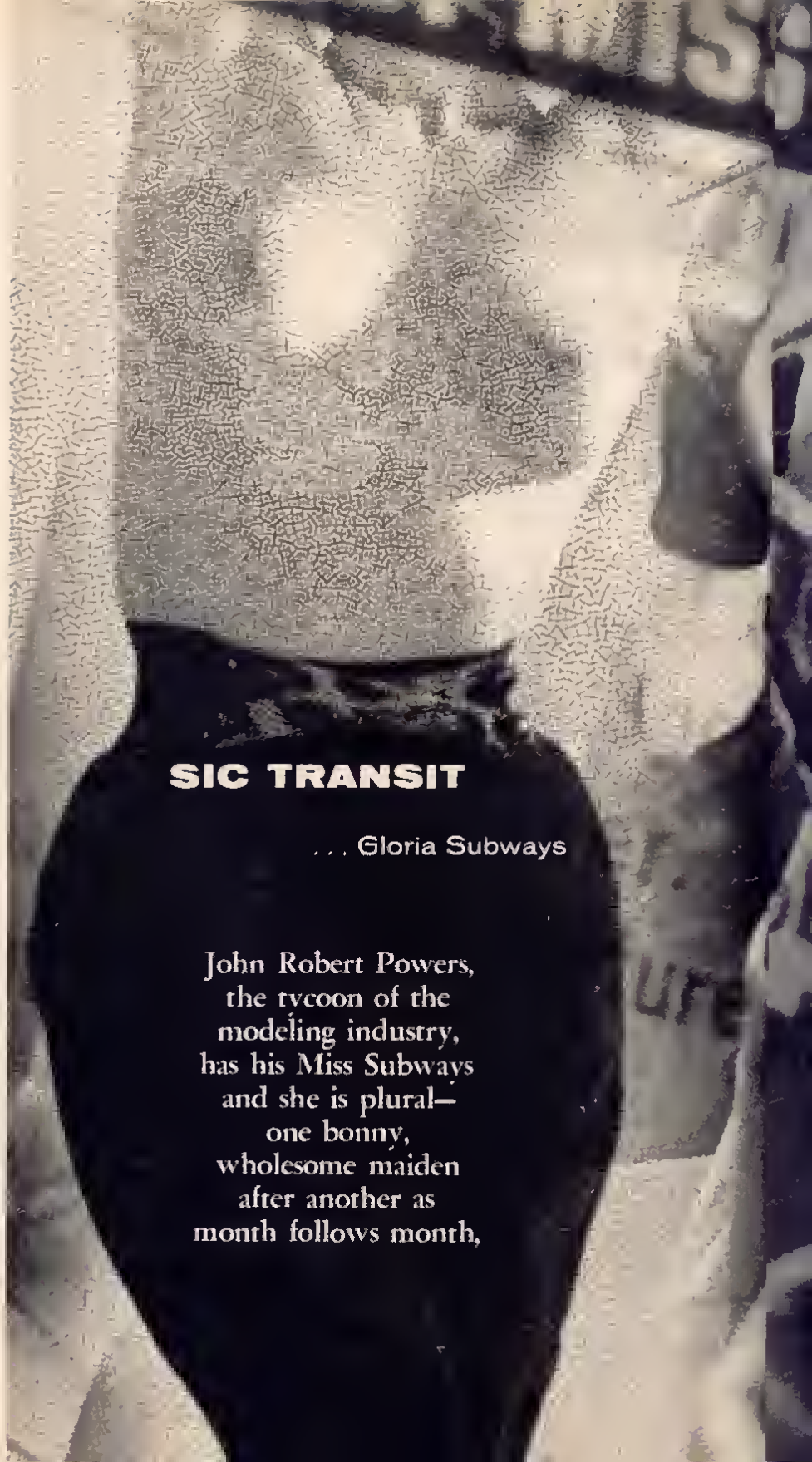
Modeling clothes at N.Y.'s soignée Bergdorf Goodman led by easy stages to modeling at the Eden Roc This

in turn led to dancing on the Ed Sullivan TV show where she came to the attention of some of the smarter Hollywood moguls.

As a result of their intelligence she's about to have the second lead in an upcoming Red Skelton movie, "Call of the Wilderness," a Twentieth Century-Fox release produced by Robert Libard.

And of course you're right. She's the girl in the evening dress on this issue's cover, driving the 1901 Oldsmobile.

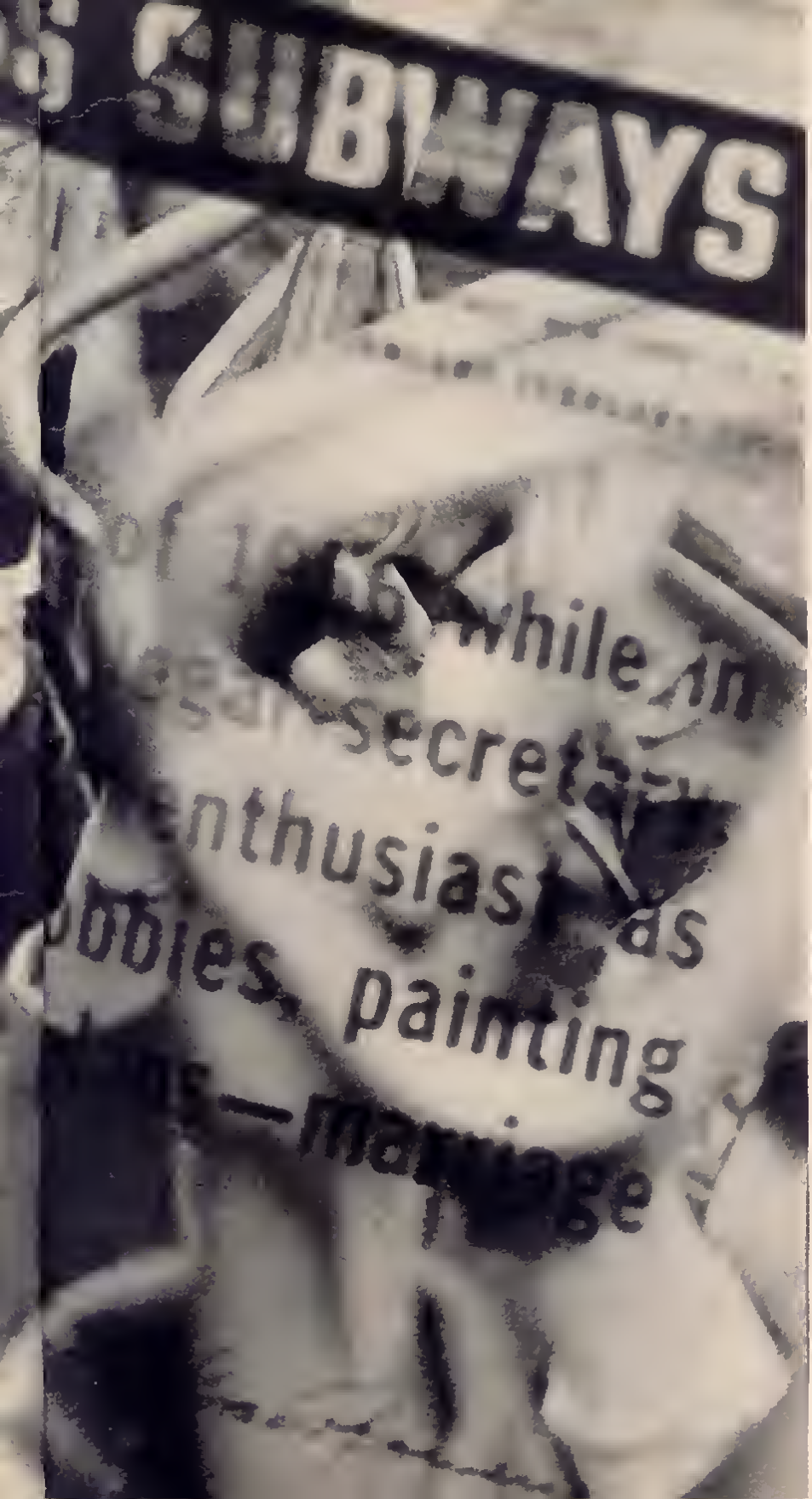
You'll notice that because of her special cosmopolitan qualities she's as much at home in an antique car as she is in a swashbuckling black hat, or swathed, like the "Venus in Furs," in a mink stole.



SIC TRANSIT

. . . Gloria Subways

John Robert Powers,
the tycoon of the
modeling industry,
has his Miss Subways
and she is plural—
one bonny,
wholesome maiden
after another as
month follows month,



ILLUSTRATED BY DAVE ATTIE

humor . CARLTON BROWN

each fresh-frozen to seal in her natural goodness. Her bland countenance graces the rows of ads above the heads of straphangers in New York's three sprawling, said-to-be-rapid transit systems Her brief biography tells, mayhap, of her career in cosmetics counseling, her triumphs as varsity drum-majorette, her ambition to score in the Pillsbury Bake-Off—always, anyway, something clean, something healthy, something pure and girlish Presumably she brings a ray of sunshine, an uplifting note of sweetness and light, to millions of toilers forced underground twice daily, and that is why she is not my Miss Subways There is a time and a place for everything

My Miss Subways—Miss Gloria Subways, my fancy calls her—is singular, in more senses than one She is sweet, but she is pungent, like lobster Cantonese with hot mustard Though well beyond her nymphancy, there is yet enough of the Lolita about her to trouble the pulse of a Humbert Humbert She has a certain wild innocence, coupled with an innate wisdom in the ways of the flesh. Part hoyden, she is capable of sending an unwelcome masher hurtling through space with a fast stroke of judo Part sultry temptress, she can lure a man bound homeward for 23rd Street clear the hell and gone out to New Lots Avenue with the flick of an eyelash, and there ditch him or yield to him, as the whim takes her All woman, she is mysterious and mercurial, an unapproachable lady when she wants to be, a driven *frotteuse* when a fuse blows and the lights go out in the tunnel under the river.

My Miss Subways is, I'll grant, an idealized composite, but to me she is real, unique and powerfully magnetic, as Mr. Powers' city-style Four-H Girls are not. I say this not to disparage another man's taste in femininity, but as a civic-minded citizen who would like to do his bit to help his city's Transit Authority out of the fix it is in This may seem a topic of purely local interest to many of my readers who live out yonder to the west of the Pelham Bay stop of the Lexington Avenue IRT, but take a slant at the broad sociological implications, the nationwide scope of the thing.

Look what's happening in San Francisco, for instance, which is about as far west of Pelham Bay as you can get There's a whole bunch of Bohemians out there in beards and leotards who look from here as though they'd got themselves badly displaced in the space-time continuum They seem to belong on the fringes of the Paris and Greenwich Village of the twenties, where and when there were plenty of subways to hold everybody who was at all drawn to them. How can they be "subterraneans," as their most verbose spokesman calls them, when there's no place in San Francisco where they can really get under the ground? Dig a hole, you say? Rent a grave?

Or maybe you think that, too, is just a local thing, like fire ants in the deep South, rats in the seaports, or the smog over Pittsburgh. Uhn-uhn M-G-M, already, is making a movie called "The Subterraneans," and the real-life prototypes have been paraded before millions in the picture magazines. It's like the yo-yo, bubble-gum, panty raids and hula hoops Small at first—just a gleam in some dreamer's eye. Then *—bang!*—a trend, a craze, a cycle. All the kids wearing big celluloid buttons and novelty hats lettered "I DIG SUBTERRANEAN." All the jocks playing the theme "I'm Not Complainean, With My Beatnik Subterranean." Thousands of apple-cheeked youngsters packing their mootah, their Zen manuals, and their autographed pictures of Jack Kerouac in their knapsacks and leaving home, wandering the whole country over in search of a place to get underground.

You think they're going to settle for Mammoth Cave? Carlsbad Caverns? *Much* too touristy. No If they're ever going to find themselves, it's going to be in a nice, dank, fetid subway, and no place in the world has such nice, dank, fetid subways as New York.

Or *had*, anyway The trouble with the New York subways nowadays is that they're not as dank, fetid, crowded and creepy as they used to be. John Robert Powers' Miss Subways is symbolic of a whole new trend down there Why, *Elsa Maxwell* even took a ride in the subway the other day, for the first time in her life She had "never had any reason to go in the subway" before, she reported, but finally "my curiosity commanded me and I went I found the people most friendly It was quite an experience, and I loved it."

A bulldozer could not have pushed Miss Maxwell into the subway a year or so back Not if she hadn't wanted to go, and back then there wouldn't have been anything to arouse her curiosity about the subways enough to make her want to What got her interested? I think it was probably the tie-in deal that the Transit Authority worked out last summer with a large soap company—the "Buy Three and Ride Free" offer that has since been widely advertised and commented on, and used as a pilot project in several other cities, where it is being tried with buses, taxis and trolleys. What you did in the first New York deal was buy any combination of three products out of a bright galaxy made up of a scouring powder, a liquid detergent, a copper cleanser, an oven-cleaner spray and a room deodorant For three of the coupons attached to each of these items, you got a free subway token or bus ride, worth fifteen cents. Of course, if you were planning to come *back* from wherever you were going, you could buy any six of the five products and get a free round trip.

I had a whole closet full of cleansers, detergent and deodorants before I realized you didn't *have* to buy them in order to gain admission to the subways. You could still step right up to the change booth and get your tokens for cash, though you might occasionally run into a persnickety agent who'd look at you as though you were a slob who never deodorized his rooms or cleansed his oven or his copper, and left an unsightly ring around his bathtub—if he ever even used it at all

Anyhow, the deal called a lot of attention to the subways among strictly surface-transit, airborne and seagoing people, like Miss Maxwell, who'd barely been aware of the underground railway's existence before. The papers were filled with editorials asking how all those people who'd stopped riding the subways were getting around these days. That was what had got the Transit Authority and the soap company together. The subways had been running deeper into the red year after year, while they kept pushing up the fare from a nickle to a dime to fifteen cents and threat-

ening to hike it higher People just weren't riding them like in the good old days when it would take several guards, using their knees and their hobnailed boots, to crush in a carload full of passengers at the stations and get the doors shut so the train could get going again. People were forming car pools, taking taxis, bicycling, walking—*anything*, rather than go along with that spiralling fare rise

At least, that's what the Transit Authority thought was doing it, and their answer was the coupon bargain, the something-for-nothing pitch. What they didn't stop to consider, evidently, was that the offer they came up with would appeal almost exclusively—once everybody had a full set of the products—to women who were absolute bugs on cleanliness—you might even say compulsive cleansers, scourers and detergers And this is about the last type alive that would normally be attracted to the subway, what with its traditional associations of dankness, dirt, enforced proximity with the washed and the unwashed alike, old newspapers and chewing-gum wrappers blowing around on the floors, exposure to loiterers, molesters and leerers, unsanitary handgrips that you don't know *who's* held them last, and so on.

Even so, the Transit Authority reported a fat lot of revenue for themselves and the soap company at the end of six months of the offer. But then they called it off and began talking about working out similar coupon plans with women's stockings and paper handkerchiefs. It seemed like subway riders had had it, soap-productwise. After all, a housewife taking two trips a day on that first deal would, in just ten days, have found herself in possession of sixty cans of the five cleansers, detergents and deodorants. In thirty days, 180 cans; in *six months*—! No. I don't want to think about it any more

Meanwhile, the underground network came in for another spate of publicity when the Hudson and Manhattan Railroad Company, which runs tubes under the river for New Jersey commuters, introduced some new cars equipped with air-conditioning, and announced that one car of each train, during the morning rush hours, would be reserved for women only. The ladies' club-car idea had been tried briefly fifty years before by the H & M and had been hooted out of countenance even in that relatively chivalrous time. Its revival was, like the coupon deal, a bid to attract new customers and lure back the old, in this instance in the hope of pulling the line out of the slough of bankruptcy in which it had been wallowing for the past four years Coffee, pastry and candy were served gratis to the ladies on the first-day run, and atomized perfume was wafted through the ventilating system at no extra charge The coach decorated in Wedgewood blue that inaugurated the service was soon replaced with cars done in watermelon pink and coral rose, a combination deemed more pleasing to the ladies' sensibilities That the service filled a need, and maybe still is filling one, was indicated in the remark of a Miss Billie Bloomberg, a Newark secretary, to a reporter:

"I like men any time of the day, but in the morning all I care about is reading my paper."

Miss Bloomberg's typically feminine non-sequitur was still echoing in my ears when I read that the Transit Authority had instituted a special once-daily subway excursion, for the summer months, between Manhattan and the humanity-jammed seaside at the Rockaways. Music would be piped through the train, the air scented with the essence of apple blossoms, and a seat guaranteed to each purchaser of a ticket. For $1.55, you would get a 38-minute non-stop trip instead of the usual sixty-cent, several-changes, 64-minute one—*and $1.50 worth of free rides at a Rockaway amusement park*. (Those are my italics, and I'll be back to pick them up in just a few minutes.)

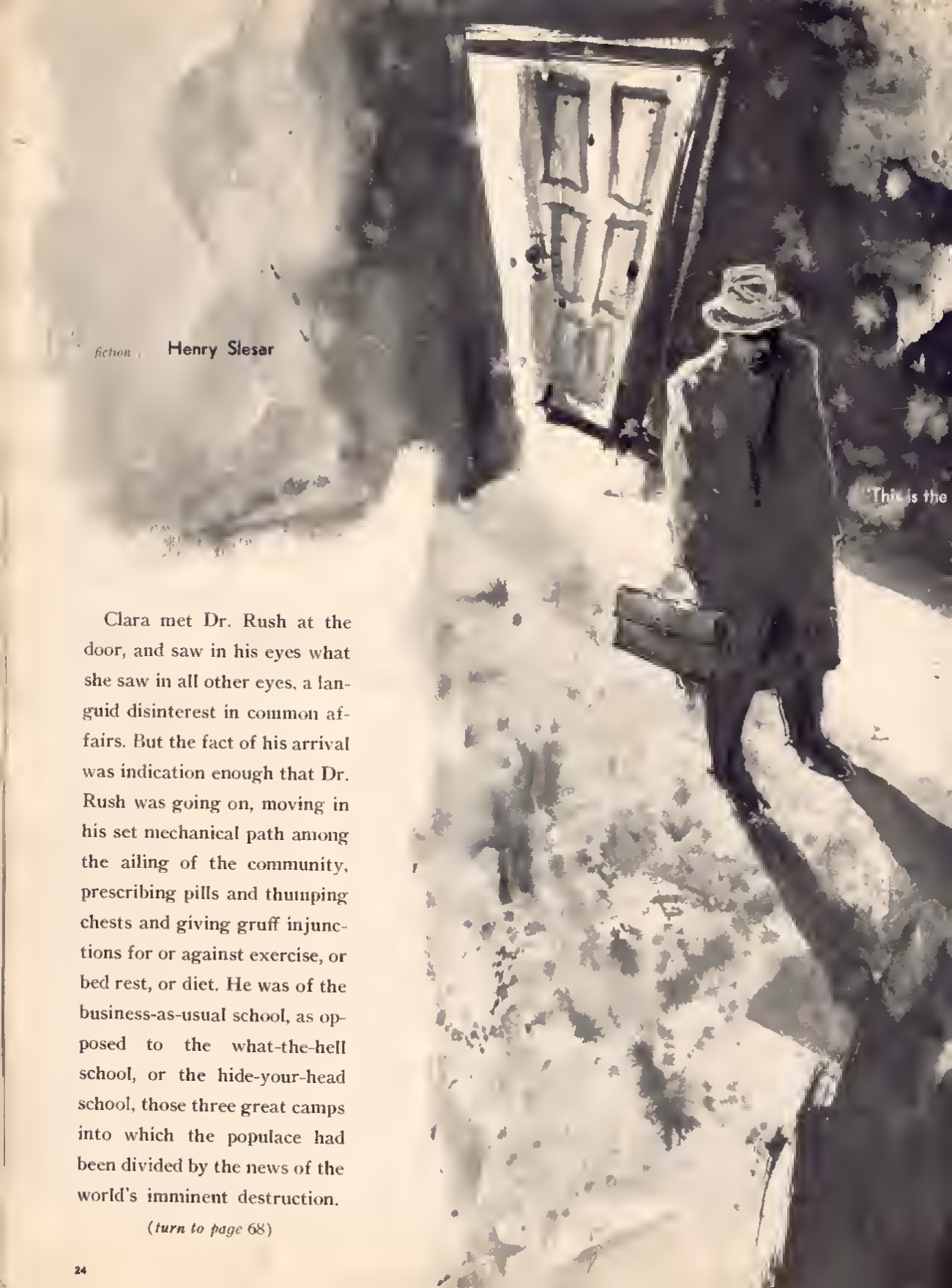
This luxury ride, a part of the New York Is A Summer Festival promotion, was featured in newspapers and by travel agents from coast to coast, and no doubt will be in coming summers, in an effort to make folks desert the clear, green-fronded lakes of home, the mountain rills of running crystal, and the golden sands of the Pacific shores in favor of the rind-strewn beaches that rim the borough of Queens like a discarded horse-collar (The simile may seem far-fetched, but the last time I was out there I dove confidently into the torpid surf and came

(*turn to page* 64)

THE DUDE

"There goes man's best friend and her dog."

fiction : **Henry Slesar**



Clara met Dr. Rush at the door, and saw in his eyes what she saw in all other eyes, a languid disinterest in common affairs. But the fact of his arrival was indication enough that Dr. Rush was going on, moving in his set mechanical path among the ailing of the community, prescribing pills and thumping chests and giving gruff injunctions for or against exercise, or bed rest, or diet. He was of the business-as-usual school, as opposed to the what-the-hell school, or the hide-your-head school, those three great camps into which the populace had been divided by the news of the world's imminent destruction.

(*turn to page* 68)

ILLUSTRATED BY ROY SUPERIOR
The world ends, not with a bang, but . . . A Whimper . . .

Satire **Gary Belkin**

"Wherefore art thou . . . ROMEO?"

As far as modern mess media are concerned, old Bill Shakespeare goofed when he tried to tell his sorry tale of Capulets and Montagues. Here's how his story would be told today . . . in six different magezines.

News Magazine

SMILESTONES

Died. Romeo Montague, 15, and Juliet Montague (*née* Capulet), 13½. Clean-living, dirty-fighting, party-crashing Romeo Montague (rhymes with Fontague) and his bride (since last week) bright-eyed, pink-cheeked, new-baptized, potion-guzzling Juliet Capulet (rhymes with tapulet) both breathed their last in her family's well-appointed, corpse-strewn tomb in Verona (doesn't rhyme with Albuquerque); he by poison, she by bodkin. Their short-lived, star-cross'd romance brought an end to the saber-rattling, long-standing, swash-buckling feud between the Montagues (rhymes with Fontagues) and the Capulets (*see* FEUDS). The couple, who had been secretly married (her first, his first) by kindly Friar Lawrence (his 2,456th) in a quiet ceremony, died as a result of a comedy of terrors which would tax the credulity of any name-dropping, celebrity-hunting, ticket-scalping theatergoer (*see* THEATER). The young couple met (*see* OPERA) at one of the lavish, masker-thronged, fishfries (*sea* FOOD) thrown by Capulet (father to Juliet). They carried on an under-balcony, name-denying, clandestine relationship which ended in their secret marriage (*see above*). In a street brawl, Romeo slew Tybalt (kinsman to Juliet) and was banished from Verona. With the aid of a potion, Juliet was able to simulate (rhymes with stimulate) death and was sorrowfully placed in the family tomb. Romeo returned to Verona, heard of his bride's death, and went to the Capuletomb. A duel between Romeo and Paris ended in Pariscide or, as Romeo might have put it, "The Last Time I Saw Paris." Exeunt Romeo; by apothecary-bought poison. Juliet awoke to find herself a widow and killed herself in a rash display of me-tombism.

Romeo was good—
I worshipped him.
I thought we had a chance for happiness—
until that terrible night when . . .
I Was a Teen-age Suicide

Confession magazine

By JULIET CAPULET

■ I WAS ONLY thirteen and a half, going on fourteen, when Romeo Montague danced into my life. I felt a tingly excitement when I saw him. It was at a big family party that my rich father threw. My kinsmen Tybelt started picking on Romeo right away. "Fetch me my rapier, boy," said Tybelt to one of his many servants. Romeo knew he wasn't wanted, so he left the party.

But I had seen him. Until that moment I had never believed in love at first sight. But when my eyes landed on Romeo I tingled with such inner, deep-down excitement that I knew it was love.

My family and his family didn't get along very well. But I was sure that me and Romeo could patch things up. The important thing, though, is that I fell for Romeo real hard. After the party, I went out on my balcony and thought about him. It was tingly just to think about him. I'm glad my father didn't catch me thinking about him. I was so trembly thinking about him that I began to tell the moon about my Romeo. Yes! I liked him *that* much.

I didn't know it at the time, but Romeo was just as tingly about me as I was about him. While I was telling the moon about him, he was under my balcony listening to every single word I said. I didn't care if he did hear. I was madly, hungrily, guiltily, tinglily in love with him.

In a moment we were together. My breath came quickly. Before I knew it, he was kissing me. Hard. Something about his kissing me made me want to kiss back. I didn't know whether it was right for a girl to kiss back. Guiltily, greedily, I kissed him. I missed; my lips caught him on the nose.

In the back of my mind I kept hoping that my wealthy father wouldn't catch us.

Things were going round and round in my brain. I knew deep down in my heart that I shouldn't be out there with the hated Montague. But even deeper down in my heart I knew this was the way it had to be. It was as if we were star-cross'd, or something.

Digest magazine

Romeo Montague of Verona, was a fine boy and brilliant lover; probably the handsomest murderer that ever lived. Read this inspirational story right now, this very minute!

The Most Star-Cross'd Character I've Ever Met

by Mac Shakespeare

HE was only a boy when I met him, and he didn't live very long after our meeting, and yet I can say he was the most star-cross'd character I ever hope to meet. I've met a lot of characters in my life (a Danish Prince with suicidal tendencies, for instance), but nobody was more star-cross'd than Romeo Montague.

He was just a kid when I first heard about him. He was mooning about a girl named Rosalind. His friends tried to cheer him up. To his credit, he didn't listen. He was a great lover even when the girl he loved wouldn't love back. Now, that's what I call star-cross'd and inspiring.

I first met Romeo at a party given at the home of the Capulets. It took a lot of nerve for Romeo to go to that party. He was a Montague. The Montagues were feuding with the Capulets, but Romeo went anyway. It was at this party that Romeo met Juliet. (Juliet is the second most star-cross'd character I've ever met.) Romeo fell for Juliet in a big way. His love should be an example to any other teen-ager looking for love.

He felt he had to do something about his big love for Juliet. He climbed over a wall and stood under her balcony. I heard the whole thing. (I took down the whole thing and some day I may write a story or a novel about it to inspire other young lovers.)

He always lived for the moment. When he was with Juliet, he didn't want to be anywhere else. He hated to leave her. When he was dueling, he hated to leave until he had wounded or killed somebody. I asked him about this once and he answered characteristically, "Who knows? That's just my way, I guess."

POLIO • REHABILITATION
• NEUROMUSCULAR
•
Sister Elizabeth
KENNY
Foundation
National Headquarters • Minneapolis, Minn.

New York magazine

BLOOD-STAINED DIARY

OUR man Manley, who just came back from Verona, made an appearance at our office the other day and placed on our desk the following blood-stained diary:

"Arrived Verona, Friday PM. Quiet town. No one on hand to greet me. Story of my life. Picked up local paper. Dull. Only local news. Biggest story about boy named Romeo. Recently banished. Only other news was big funeral. Young girl. Juliet. Everybody who anybody going to funeral. Figured I'd go too. Pay respects. Started for tomb. Heard there was lots of quail in Verona. Saw no quail. Must have been Cremona. Got to tomb. Big place. Impressive. Nobody there. Quiet. Figured I'd go in.

"Crept into crypt. Empty. Read a few stones. Dull. Very. Heard a noise. Ducked. Paris came in. Flunky with him. Flunky told to whistle if he heard anything. Ducked lower. No use taking any. Chances. 'The obsequies that I for thee will keep nightly shall be to strew thy grave and weep,' said Paris. Strewed. Wept. Heard whistle. Ducked even lower. Prone. Enter Romeo. Had torch. Mattock. And a crow of iron. Wished I had a crow of iron. Paris angry. Paris and Romeo fight. Paris fell. Dead.

"Romeo took a drink. Wished I had a drink. Romeo fell. Dead. Death rate high in Verona. Scary. Friar Lawrence arrives. Nice man. Sees corpses. Unhappy. Me too. Juliet wakes up. Big surprise. I faint. Revive. Juliet alone. Kisses Romeo. No necrophobiac she. Grabs his dagger. Stabs herself. Falls. Dead. Of course. Nothing more to see. So. I. Left. Verona."

The largest circulation weekly magazine

I CALL ON ROMEO MONTAGUE

By PARK METER

Verona's number one lover tells about his problems as a teen-age murderer and lover.

I'd like to get one thing straight. I don't like teen-agers. And Romeo Montague is a teen-ager. So to put it bluntly, I wasn't prepared to like Romeo Montague one bit. I also didn't like the idea of going all the way from Verona to Mantua to interview a teen-age Romeo—just because the kid got banished for knocking off Tybalt. Therefore I think it would be wise for you to take everything I say with a grain of salt.

This story was written before the Romeo-Juliet suicides. We are printing it anyway to help you understand the background—and possibly give you some insight into their untimely but messy deaths.

I met Romeo, in what teen-agers call a "pad," in downtown Mantua. When I entered the room, I noticed he seemed nervous and worried. I have a way of noticing things like that. That's why I'm a writer for such a big magazine.

I can say this for Romeo, he did have manners. As soon as I came in, he asked me to sit down and make myself comfortable. I did. I couldn't help wondering how a boy with such nice manners got himself in a mess like the one he was in.

"Romeo," I asked, "you've got nice manners, how come you got yourself in a mess like this?"

I could see him thinking, searching for the right words. "Well, Mr. Meter," he said finally. "I really don't think I'm in such a mess. You see, I'm in love. And how can you be in any real trouble when you're in love? And I'll tell you something else, if you promise not to print it."

I promised.

He nodded. "Well, not only am I in love with Juliet Capulet, but we're secretly married. See, right now, I'm just staying here waiting to get a message from her. When it comes, everything'll be keen. Just real keen. I love her."

I smiled inwardly. Imagine a sniveling kid like him telling a grown man about "love." I called him on it. "Romeo, don't you think you're a little young to talk about love?"

He had a pat answer all ready. "He jests at scars who never felt the wound," he snapped. I had a feeling he had said this speech before.

College Humor magazine

YOU'LL DIE LAUGHING . . .

A Veronese girl named Juliet took a potion which would make her seem dead. The potion, however, would wear off after a period of time and Juliet would return to life. Having taken the potion, Juliet was pronounced legally dead and she was buried. Through a misunderstanding, her husband Romeo, who was out of town, heard that she was really dead.

He went to her tomb and when he saw her lifeless body, he took some poison. When the potion-logged Juliet came out of her coma, she discovered her dead husband. Friar Lawrence, the man who had married the couple, came into the crypt. Juliet told him she was going to commit suicide.

"You can't kill yourself," snapped Lawrence.

"Why not?" asked Juliet.

"Because you're already dead. Legally," replied Lawrence, twinkling.

ILLUSTRATED BY BILL KILPATRICK

Confraternity . . . *sans paternity*

fiction | **GERALD GROSS**

I had not expected to see or hear from Nina for at least a month. She had decided that it would take at least that long to get over her final break with Ralf, and I agreed with her, despite the fact that I was impatient to date her on my own. I wasn't just tagging along with Ralf because I was his best friend.

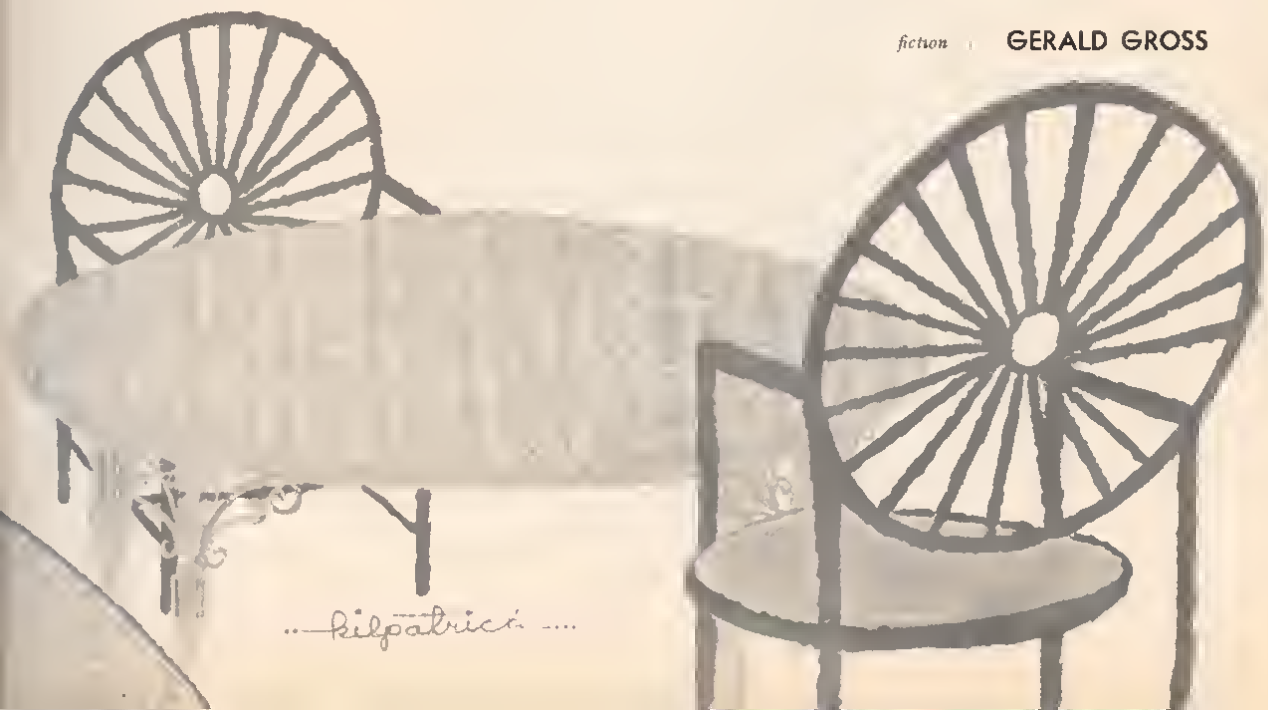
For nearly two years, full of turmoil and uneasy truces, we had been a freakish *ménage-à-trois*. We did not have the amoral detachment of characters in a Coward or Guitry comedy, and so we never had the carefree, amoral good times the script always seemed to call for. Our emotions shimmered violently at the surface, their jagged angles pierced us, hurt us at every turn of the tortured affair. And so, all in all, I was glad it was finally over, keenly proud of myself for not having said or done anything to prematurely break up their anguished liaison. The natural conflicts of their two neurotic personalities had effected the inevitable. At last Judgment Day had come and gone, and Ralf had been vanquished at Armageddon—a battleground of Nina's tears, his abusive recriminations and my stalwart (and only a trifle sanctimonious) consolations to both loser and victor.

Sitting alone in my newly acquired one-room apartment in a student's warren near Morningside Heights, feeling very lonely but very much the master of all I surveyed, I was considering the agonizing reappraisal Nina was now going through, when the telephone rang. I think I knew from the first ring that it was Nina.

"Ted, I've been reading F. Scott Fitzgerald all afternoon," she said in a voice so natural that for a second I thought everything that was now over had been a hangover of my imagination. "Anyway, I just realized that I've never had a man invite me to cocktails at the Biltmore. What do you say? Will you meet me in the Palm Court tonight at six?"

I said "of course" very quickly, and didn't dare say anything else, it would not, according to Nina's way of life, be "playing the game" if I had shown surprise. Even to ask how she was would have dragged in Ralf's ghost. Nina mumbled something about the stifling August heat and hung up.

Nothing of the past was in her voice, but it was all around me as I scrambled about the room gathering together some fitting clothes. I felt Ralf and Nina everywhere around me. I heard his clipped, hissingly harsh voice spilling over with insult for everything they had shared together. I heard her shrieks and her frantic footsteps racing out into the interminable corridor, past the myriad open doors, revealing the students like so many prisoners in their cells. But what I still could not remember was the face of the girl Ralf had stumbled in with, surpris-



ing Nina and me as we criticized each other's latest paintings. Probably the girl was like all the others he had taken his pleasure with in my apartment, or in the apartments of his other friends She was almost certainly very fair-skinned, red-haired, adventuresome and positive that she was more than enough woman for Ralf. And had not Nina seen with her own eyes what she had blinded her mind to for so long, the incident would never have been mentioned, and Nina would have gone on thinking that she was what no one else could possibly be—more than enough woman for Ralf.

Sunday, New York closes up. Even window shopping on Fifth Avenue isn't the same; you have the feeling that the mannequins are beautiful corpses artfully embalmed, and that the stores won't ever open again. The street was like a silent zoo, a museum of unnatural history. After just a few blocks I turned east, anxious to escape its thrall.

The Biltmore's Palm Court looked as it always did: the first draft of a Cecil Beaton set. Young men were draped in their chairs in a variety of languid attitudes There was the usual profusion of short-haired, bronze-blonde young ladies in their basic blacks, essential single strand of pearls and short, hospital-white gloves I had the distinct impression that they were all extras in a fashionable crowd scene, background for a drama in which Nina and I were to star. And I knew, too, that I would make—according to my inexorable fate—some abominable *faux pas* which they would overlook, being too polite to show how much they could embarrass me.

I was waiting at the entrance to the Palm Court for only a few minutes before Nina appeared There was no need to look at her face to know her mood. Her clothes disrobed her state of mind One look at her "Katherine Mansfield" costume —a classically simple, chastely white dress, white shoes, white purse and a blood-red rose flowering out of her clasped hands, and I knew how the evening would go. She had not by any means forgotten Ralf, indeed, she was in deepest mourning. As for myself, I was aware that I was about to be had. I swore in spite of her theatrics that I would not help her flagellate her counterfeit emotions.

Gliding towards me, Nina smiled wanly, extending one long, slender arm before she was halfway to me I noticed she had no make-up on Her eyes, surprisingly small and wide-apart in her full, roundish face, were preternaturally bright. I thought for a second she had been keeping a night-long vigil, perhaps crying all night. But I decided, it being Nina, it was probably Murine

I didn't dare speak; there was too much I had to say, and it was far too intense for the utter fragility of the moment Nina had created with her entrance.

The waiter ushered us to a table and we ordered Gibsons, very dry I arranged myself into a pose of studied ease so as to appear more in keeping with the surrounding gentility. As for Nina, she never had a need to consciously imitate those around her. Her unique quality was that of being a chameleon: she could become whatever the situation demanded of her. It was not that she was a great actress, rather it was that she had so little real identity. An indulgent egotist without a sense of self—that was the paradox of her personality. To say that she was "all things to all men" was to give a depth analysis of her quintessence Right now in that pristine white dress, emanating vibrant waves of serenity, her eyes harboring only the suspicion of a lurking tear, she seemed like a lost and poignant child.

And I loved her

The drinks came, and she spoke, realizing that someone had to say something.

"This is like a first date. I'm very nervous, you know. I've forgotten what you say or don't say on a first date."

I was only a little bit unbelieving that she had decided to treat our evening together as a real date.

She gulped her drink a bit, and then caught my eye and pursed her lips together, then opened them slightly It was her silly-charming way of asking for a cigarette I lit one for her, remembering to hold the match just below the cigarette tip. It was a nuance Ralf had taught me, it was one of his great strokes of finesse with women. I hoped it would not remind Nina of him.

"I wonder," she said, speaking as though she had courageously come to the central issue at hand, "how the custom started for a man to light a woman's cigarette."

"Probably to make sure that no sulfur got to her nostrils," I answered. "And, by the way, Nina, don't worry, for a first date you're doing fine You've already managed to make me believe I haven't known you for three years."

"That's right," she said, as though it had just occurred to her, "you knew me a year before you introduced me to Ralf."

I waited, staring ahead, hoping that the sound of his name would disappear with the smoke from the cigarette. Through the density of my self-absorption I heard a young man at the next table say to a breathless, homely girl who looked like a caricature of Julie Harris· "You sure taught me not to make hasty assumptions, you *do* need analysis." Nina peered into her now empty cocktail glass as though she were reading the future.

The silence persisted as I straightened my spine, even though I realized that it would unmask me as a man who had gone to all the wrong schools, even the unfashionable public elementary schools

Nina's cigarette was burned down almost to the filter I was about to warn her when I noticed that she was quite aware of it. She was waiting until it did burn her fingers; then, her shriek, coming out of the depths of her introspection, would create the dramatic effect she wanted.

The sham of her pretensions made me wonder about the sincerity of her being with me at all And so I went ahead and smashed the mood of the sacrificed victim she had worked so mightily to effect. I had to do something to bring a little sincerity into the tinselly air

"And what really brought you here this evening, Nina? Shall we wait till they bring Ralf's body in, or shall we recite our eulogies now and then go light a candle in church?"

"Don't be the ideal bastard, Ted," she said, with a look of being discovered in an indecent act smeared across her face.

"I'm not a bastard: I'm just curious. Why *are* we here? It's far too soon according to your plans."

"I don't intend to retire from the world, that's all He isn't worth it

(*turn to page* 70)

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DOROTHY GUNN CARSTEN/HARRIS

pictorial essay

Debbie

The tinsel of Vegas takes on a new sparkle when doe-eyed Miss Jones comes to town . . .

All that glitters is not coin of the realm, especially when the realm is America's outstanding gambling outpost, Las Vegas, and the glitter, far, far from the coin of the hungry robots with the silver arms, is the equally outstanding Debbie Jones.

Debbie is living, photogenic proof that all things are not what they seem to be, for, using the methods of the M-R boys, what are the first associations that come to mind when Vegas is mentioned?

If you've spent only a short time there—or haven't been there at all—you'll probably think of the unrestricted gaming and gambling for which the town is rightly famed: the busy slot machines laboring in every conceivable spot (rumors are that even the tourist's last sanctuary—the

That's Debbie's birthday and T.V. funnyman George Gobel doesn't intend to forget it.

restrooms—will soon be wired for silver dollars), the roulette games and the crap tables.

Or if your hidden persuaders are inclined in another direction, you might conjure up visions of Vegas' latter-day "battle of the bulge"—the well-publicized contest among the town's night spots to expose more, more and more of their showgirls' unexposed talents . . .

But Debbie sinks her line in other waters. She is touched, yet not affected, by all this. Even though she earns her livelihood as a dancer in the frenzied whirlpool of downtown Vegas (she's been featured at such posh hostelries as the El Rancho Vegas and the Riviera), Debbie proves she knows how to lie back and float with the current . . .

A delightful cool in the pool in Nevada's salubrious climate, a restful afternoon in the suburban apartment of friends, clowning with George Gobel—tasting life from every slant all make Debbie a Compleat Angler

ILLUSTRATED BY RON WING

The difference between "sport" and "sportin'."

Austin Fletcher turned the key in his Mercedes-Benz 190 SL, stepped on the starter, and then vroomed the engine. The sound cut through the late night air with that roar which is the symphony of the sports car set.

Austin pressed his foot down again and again, and the engine responded with short noisy blasts that rocked the car gently.

Above him a single cloud trailed across the moonlit sky, like a discarded bridal veil.

The young man lifted his eyes to the night and saw that high in the row of houses opposite, a woman was standing in an open window.

A soft glow in the room behind her showed up the outlines of her narrow body which seemed to be clad only in the suggestion of a nightgown. She turned slightly, and the glow behind her now revealed the high pointed outline of her breasts.

Austin stared.

The engine idled quietly.

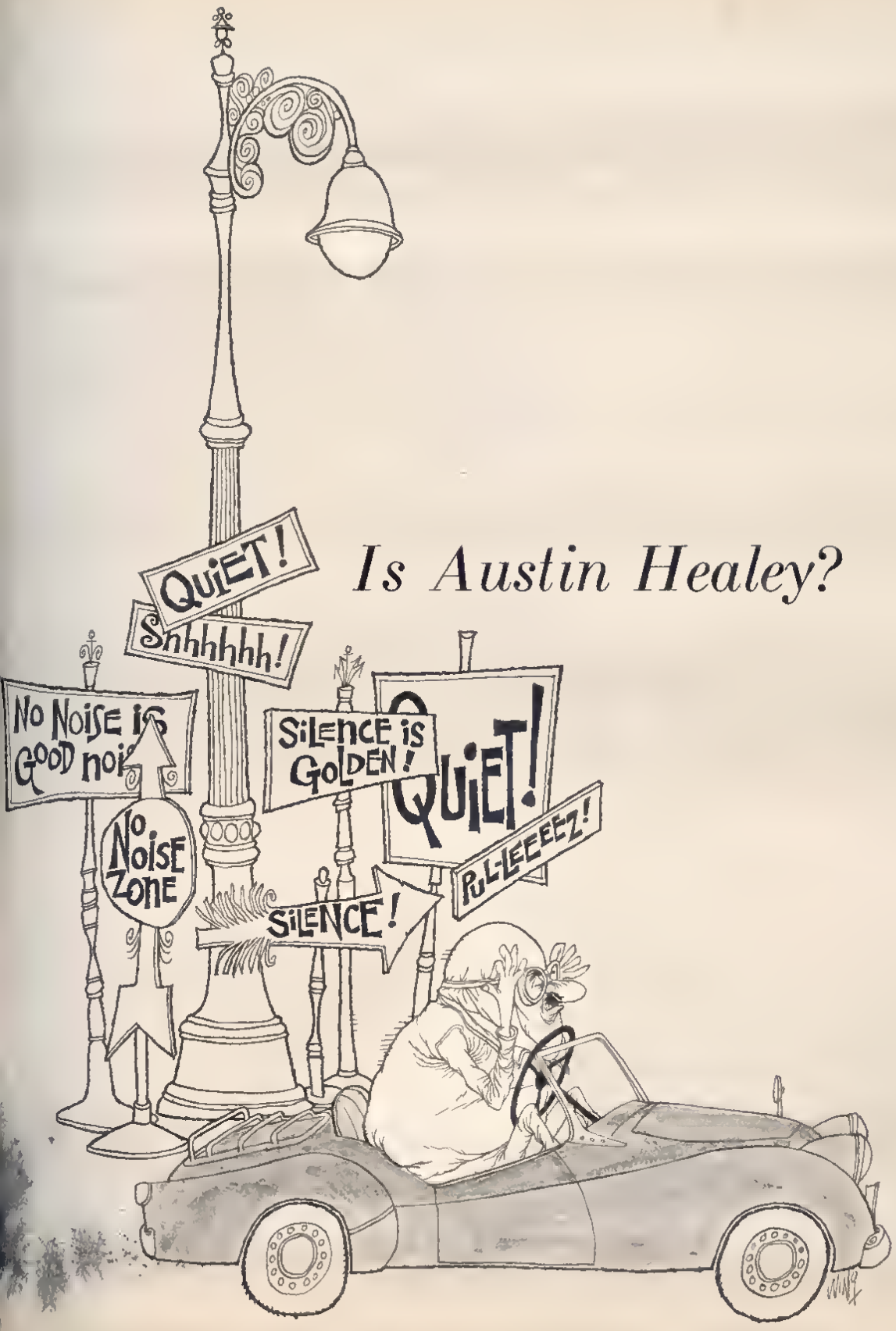
The woman in the window leaned out across her unscreened sill.

She stretched her hands out into the night air.

And then Austin realized that she was motioning to him.

For a few seconds he sat in paralyzed astonishment. Then, collecting

humor . . . **Monica Jane**



Is Austin Healey?

himself, he narrowed his eyes to improve his vision, and began appraising his new acquaintance. At this distance, it was difficult to say how old she might be. The shadow from a ginkgo tree lay across her face, but her body was surely that of a young woman.

He climbed out over the car door without bothering to open it and walked across the street until he stood on the sidewalk beneath her window.

"Good evening," she said. Her voice was low and cool.

"Good evening."

"Would you like a night cap?"

"Yes, thank you," said Austin.

"I'll come down and let you in."

He walked down the three steps separating the brick sidewalk from her front door. The door itself was of thick beveled glass which had been made less inviting to house breakers by a free form decoration in iron.

Presently a light came on inside the house, in some invisible upper hallway that shed a soft illumination down through a stair well into the hall beyond the thick glass door.

Now the young man could see the wavy outlines of a table with a chair alongside it, and beyond these, the carpeted stairs leading to the upper floors.

A moment later she came around some upper corner and started down the steps. She had put on a negligee of some pale green floating fabric. The gown beneath it was pale green, too.

When he saw her standing in the open doorway, he pressed his lips together and swallowed. She was of medium height. Her hair and eyes were dark. Her skin was the color of moonlight. She *was* young. And she was lovely.

"I'm terribly pleased you had the time to stop by," she said in a velvet voice. "Do come in."

She led him into a large living room furnished in the style of his father's most fashionable clients. Across the doorway to the room was a long table on which stood two sculpted torsos, a nude male and a nude female.

She motioned him toward a chair and then sat down opposite him.

He was sorting out his impressions and giving a second thought to the woman's invitation, when she started up a bland conversation.

"I suppose you belong to the four Kays," she said, speaking of the girls who shared the same name in a small house down the street from her own.

He nodded. "To the second one, right now. I had a date with her this evening. Though I first went to the house on account of the third one. Do you know them?"

"No."

"But you know who they are," he suggested.

"One could hardly live in the neighborhood without knowing that and their interests," said his hostess. Her voice no longer soothed him. Now there was a hint of sarcasm in it. "Golf, tennis—with clubs and rackets all over the public sidewalk, of course. Rock and roll—"

He stirred uncomfortably at the recollection of his own shouted orders from one floor to another to, "Turn that hi fi up. We can't even tell what record you're playing."

Had the entire neighborhood heard the resulting sound?

"I see them climbing in and out of their boy friends' sports cars," she went on, and he looked at her with curiosity. She was hardly a type to be getting her kicks by watching the doings of those four girls in their plaid Bermuda shorts.

But what type was she?

"I suppose you drive in rallies," said the enchantress.

He nodded. "Most Sundays."

"Ah yes, Sundays," she said. "But let me get you a drink." Once again her voice was creamy. She walked over to the bar beside the window with a graceful yet quick stride that made her negligee flow against her body as though it were blown by the wind.

He watched her move, and then, feeling the silence, he said, "What are you drinking?"

"Vermouth. But wouldn't you rather have whiskey?"

He followed her to the bar on the pretext of supervising the strength of his drink. It gave him an opportunity to stand closer to her than he had so far. There was a delicate scent about her.

She handed him his glass. "Now tell me about yourself," she said, looking directly at his mouth. "Are you nice?"

He put his drink and his cigarette down on the bar, intending to put his hands to better use, but she moved away from him, back toward her chair in the middle of the room.

"If you won't tell me whether you're nice," she said in a bantering voice, "tell me where you work. What are you doing in Washington?"

He swallowed in confusion. The evening seemed to be getting away from him. What had looked like a simple invitation was somehow becoming complex in a way that challenged the managerial talents on which he prided himself. Austin could ordinarily steer a conversation that was going where he expected this one to go.

The woman turned to look at him.

"So you won't tell me that either? Well, I didn't really expect you to," she said. "I'm glad you aren't such a fool as to tell me you can't say where you work. Not that you need to. Central Intelligence Agency is written all over you. Your credentials might as well be recorded on your shirt front—a young Ivy League graduate from a family of comfortable means, roaring around Georgetown in a sports car, wearing the CIA uniform."

"I'm with the Treasury Department," he lied.

She smiled in disbelief. "The Army wears khaki, the Navy wears blue, the Air Force light blue, doesn't it these days? And the CIA, gray flannel."

He looked involuntarily at his neatly pressed gray flannel trousers.

"Since I first saw you, I knew you were with CIA."

Austin lifted his head inquisitively.

"Oh, I've been watching you," she said in answer to his look.

Images of Mata Hari came into his mind. "If we can't talk about me, why don't you tell me what you do?" he said, trying to capture the initiative which he felt should belong to him.

"I'm a sculptress," she said. "my specialty is the human form," and she waved toward the two torsos on the table. He looked toward the statues, but as he turned his head, he saw her glance at her watch in a way that might have made him wary had his mind been less filled with other matters.

"Have you always lived in Washington?" he said, still looking away from her and at the statues.

"No, I've been in Washington only a few months," she said. "I'm a widow, you see. I was very happy living in this city when I was first married, so I came back here after my husband was killed in a plane crash."

(*turn to page 71*)

MANET'S PAINTINGS COURTESY OF PHOTO BULLOZ WHO RESERVE THE RIGHT OF REPRODUCTION

pictorial essay

"La Vie Boheme" and starving in a garret pays big dividends today when the Philistines have to pay through the nose . . .

The Finances of Art . . .

article **Walter Gardener**

Not even in the palmy days of the roaring 'twenties was there seen a phenomenon to compare to the astronomical amounts being paid in auction rooms for modern art. Two hundred, three hundred thousand dollars are being bid and indignantly rejected for ten by fourteen canvases which the artists in their day were glad to swap for a bottle of vino and a french bread.

Edouard Manet is a case in point; two of his paintings, reproduced here in black and white which do them little justice (Breakfast on the Lawn and a self portrait), were *causes*

célèbres a hundred years ago. Another picture, Olympia, was unsold at the time of the painter's death, as were the majority of his other canvases.

Long after his death friends raised twenty thousand francs to buy it from his impoverished widow and present it to a museum.

Manet's canvases today command prices that would beggar anyone but a Texas oilman or a Greek shipping magnate.

Although Manet's impressionism is the main reason for his fame today and for the prices his art commands, the esthetic ians of his period were shocked by his brushwork, and what they called his lack of ability. Théophile Gautier referred to Manet's paintings in these words: "We would forgive ugliness, but the least beautiful woman has bones, muscles, skin and some sort of color."

Manet, of course, was never interested in being photographically correct, which was in his period the "correct," academic approach. He was interested not in tiny details but in the overall effect; he used bright, sparkling colors, with luminous light seeming to illuminate every inch of his canvas. For this egregious "sin," contemporary critics wrote of him: "He possesses a childish ignorance of the fundamentals of drawing," and, "Manet is an apostle of the ugly and repulsive."

Looking at his paintings today it is hard to understand what his detractors were talking about. But then, these same critics were really snowed under when "modernists", like Van Gogh, Gauguin, Cezanne and Degas threw the "academicians" into a real swivet of rage.

"Daubs . . ." "One would think the man painted with his feet . . . not his hands . . ." "The rudiments of drawing are an unopened book to this man." "Not worthy of comment by a civilized critic." All these are quotes from acknowledged "experts" on the works of men whose canvases today command higher prices than seem possible.

Curiously only the great writer

Zola seems to have understood what Manet was trying to do

Zola wrote of the leader of the impressionist school: "Details in his paintings have disappeared, everything is simplified and if you wish to reconstruct reality you must step back a bit.

"Then a curious thing happens . . . Each object falls into its proper place. The important focal point of the paintings project from the background in astounding relief, the details become marvelously fresh and brilliant.

"This painter worked as nature works, with simple means and large areas of light. His work has something in it of the rude and austere appearance of nature itself."

Another example is Goya, whose "Maja" is shown here. Unclothed, this painting was known as "The Naked Countess," and caused a scandal in its time. It is famous enough today so that a movie—starring Ava Gardner—has just been made which retells the story of how Goya had to do a clothed painting of the identical pose in order to save the Countess from her husband's wrath.

Even today, despite Manet's and Goya's posthumous conquest of the art world and the money bags of this world, the average man in the street probably still agrees with Gautier and would prefer the supra-realistic and completely sexual paintings of Count Marcel von Herrfeldt reproduced here in full color.

This seventy-year-old German painter executed scores of commissions prior to W. W. II for Ruhr and Saar industrialists who liked to have nude portraits of their wives and mistresses to hang in their offices.

Beauty is still, as it always will be, in the eye of the beholder, so it's up to you to decide which *you* prefer, the esthetic art of the Manets of this world or the sexual art of a von Herrfeldt

Meanwhile the finances of art are as bullish as the latest Wall Street closing, proving nothing but that paradoxes still prevail . .

Funky?

Are you from Squaresville or Endsville?

quiz **ED SMOLLETT**

Part I

Score 3 points for each correct answer.

1. Which of these jazz immortals on being asked the question "What is jazz?" is supposed to have replied, "Lady, if you don't know by now, DON'T MESS WITH IT!"
   a) Louis Armstrong c) Fats Waller
   b) Jelly Roll Morton d) King Oliver
2. The very first Carnegie Hall concert to popularize jazz was conducted by:
   a) Paul Whiteman c) Stan Kenton
   b) Benny Goodman d) Duke Ellington
3. Which of the following musicians was *never* a member of the Modern Jazz Quartet?
   a) Kenny Clarke c) Connie Kay
   b) Percy Heath d) Preston Jackson
4. If Artie Shaw's ex-wives formed a combo, it would be a:
   a) Quintet c) Septet
   b) Octet d) Sextet
5. Which of these trumpet "greats" is known as "Little Jazz"?
   a) Dizzy Gillespie c) Miles Davis
   b) Roy Eldridge d) Louis Armstrong
6. The 1920's was labeled "The Jazz Age" by:
   a) Ernest Hemingway c) Fannie Hurst
   b) Langston Hughes d) F. Scott Fitzgerald
7. Which of these peers of jazzdom was *not* one of the Founding Daddy-os of Bop?
   a) Charlie Parker c) Thelonious Monk
   b) Stan Kenton d) Dizzy Gillespie
8. Speaking of bop, who was it who said derisively (or was it waggishly?), "We don't flat our fifths—*we drink 'em!*"
   a) Louis Armstrong c) Eddie Condon
   b) Joe E. Lewis d) Muggsy Spanier
9. The first jazzman to become a "legend" in his own time was:
   a) Buddy Bolden c) W. C. Handy
   b) Bix Beiderbecke d) Huddie Ledbetter

10. "Lady Day" is a tag for:
    a) Anita O'Day c) Billie Holiday
    b) Doris Day d) Ella Fitzgerald
11 The first of these jazzmen to make a Time magazine cover was:
    a) Duke Ellington c) Louis Armstrong
    b) Dave Brubeck d) Benny Goodman
12 Which of these blues was *not* written by W. C. Handy?
    a) Basin Street Blues c) Yellow Dog Blues
    b) Memphis Blues d) Beale Street Blues
13 Which of the following was *not* one of the old New Orleans funeral procession tunes from which the kind of jazz we know today largely developed?
    a) Didn't He Ramble c) Ain't Gonna Study War No More
    b) When The Saints Go Marching In d) St. James Infirmary
14. Both Frank Sinatra and Jo Stafford got their start with:
    a) Tommy Dorsey c) Harry James
    b) Benny Goodman d) Les Brown
15 Which of these jazzmen has the tone described by a critic as reminding him "of a man walking on eggshells"?
    a) Chet Baker c) Jonah Jones
    b) Miles Davis d) Donald Byrd

Part II

In the following, select the item in column two that is most closely associated with the person in column one. Each correct coupling counts 2 points.

1	Gerry Mulligan ( )	(a) soprano sax
2	Lester Young ( )	(b) "Big Jazz"
3	Herbie Mann ( )	(c) "Body and Soul" solo
4	Satchmo ( )	(d) "Bird"
5	Paul Desmond ( )	(e) and his Five Pennies
6	Bix Beiderbecke ( )	(f) Glenn Miller Band
7	Stuff Smith ( )	(g) "'Round About Midnight"
8	Bunny Berigan ( )	(h) "Night In Tunisia"
9	Coleman Hawkins ( )	(i) West Coast Jazz
10	Stan Kenton ( )	(j) "Bernie's Tune"
11	Red Nichols ( )	(k) flutist
12	Tex Beneke ( )	(l) cornetist
13	Pearl Bailey ( )	(m) "I Can't Get Started With You"
14	Mildred Bailey ( )	(n) "Prez"
15	Dizzy Gillespie ( )	(o) "Peanut Vendor"
16	Sidney Bechet ( )	(p) Dave Brubeck
17	Thelonious Monk ( )	(q) Nero
18	Charlie Parker ( )	(r) Red Norvo
19	Shorty Rogers ( )	(s) "One O'Clock Jump"
20	Count Basie ( )	(t) Louis Bellson

Part III

Complete the names of the following, scoring one point for each correct answer:

a) Willie "The Lion" _____
b) "Hot Lips" _____
c) Sir Charles _____
d) Pee Wee _____
e) J. J. _____
f) Lucky _____
g) Philly Joe _____
h) Chubby _____
i) Kai _____
j) "Cannonball" _____
k) "Father" _____
l) Zoot _____
m) Osie _____
n) Flip _____
o) Illinois _____

Score yourself as follows:

100—ENDSVILLE!
90-99—V.H.P. (Very Hip Person)
80-89—Well Rounded
70-79—Oblong
Below 70—Square

(*Turn to page 66 for answers.*)

Recipe: *Sweeten the gall,*
remove the wormwood,
change the name,
and there you are . . .

absinthe,

anyone?

Makes the Heart Grow Fonder
Legendre
HERBSAINT
THEY MUST HAVE BEEN DRINKING HERBSAINT
To Be Use I Where ABSINTHE Is Called
Legendre & Co. NEW ORLEANS, U.S.A.

article **WAMBLY BALD**

An explorer named Ponce de Leon never had any luck trying to find the Fountain of Youth, according to history, but there's a popular drink made in New Orleans that seems to border along the same idea. It's a sea-green, absinthe-family, 100-proof potable called Herbsaint, and while the manufacturers make no such claim, some people down there swear it will give the fire of youth and the gleam of eye to anybody—even to doddering old fogies who should know better.

The belief, or legend, so persists that if you amble around the bars and eating houses of the famous French Quarter, with its historic landmarks dating back to the days of the pirate Jean Lafitte and the old slave market, you'll hear plenty about the potent virtues of Herbsaint from both barmen and customers, including the tourists. While I was conducting my own special investigation for *The Dude*, here were some of the things told to me:

"It makes weak men strong and all women warm . . ."

"It's better than oysters. A good idea is to combine with oysters . . ."

"Don't let the sweet liquorice taste, which comes from anise, fool you. First you tingle all over. Then you forget you've ever had any inhibitions."

"Man! It puts you on a high cloud and you think you're flying!"

"A girl shouldn't drink this stuff with a fellow unless she knows him pretty well . . ."

"Old guys come around to my bar and whisper to me, 'Do you really think this will help me?' Why, just last week a real old guy came bouncing in here and he said with a great big wink, 'Mister I'm seventy-six and I've got my girl friend drinking it now!'"

Maybe all this was so, maybe not. I tried a few Herbsaints myself during my first night in the Vieux Carré, as the French Quarter is properly called, and the only thing that happened to me was a general tingle, that's all. No plus effects, as I had hoped and expected. But maybe I was just tired.

Still, the evidence kept piling up. At the Court of Two Sisters, one of the tremendous landmark eating places dating back to 1832, whose patios and dining rooms seated five hundred, I spent the first few minutes enthralled by the romantic trappings of the past, the yucca trees and old gaslights and grillwork in the main patio under the stars while the waiters bustled around the tables with the big steaks and drinks on their trays. And then I approached the hostess, a very tall and merry-looking blonde whom everyone called Margaret, I said to her point blank: "Is it true what they say about Herbsaint?"

Giving a light laugh, she didn't hesitate. "I can tell you this," she replied. "A lot of folks say it encourages timid lovers." And she hurried off with some menus under her arm while I leaned against a yucca tree to think that over.

A couple of nights later I visited another landmark, the Old Absinthe House in the heart of the Vieux Carré, built in 1752. Considered a tourist must, it's a square, plastered-brick house with an iron grill balcony, real old French style. Inside, the walls and ceiling were inches thick with yellowing calling cards gaily left by thousands of customers down through the years, and a "secret" upstairs room is said to have been the meeting place of the pirate Lafitte and General Andrew Jackson for drawing up defense plans before the Battle of New Orleans. One of the barmen got chummy and we had quite a talk.

"Down here," he told me, "when most people want Herbsaint they just ask for absinthe. It's really the same thing, except that the illegal wormwood is gone. The wormwood was supposed to have been a habit-forming herb and it was outlawed before the first World War. At the same time they prohibited the name absinthe from appearing on the bottles, but that's what we call the drinks. No one can tell the difference. It's really the same thing."

"Is it a sex stimulant?"

The barman laughed. He'd be locked up if he admitted it was! "You can't prove anything like that from me. Everyone around here seems to think so. That part of it is practically a legend."

So popular is this potable, he went on, that many customers want a few drops added to their other highballs and cocktails for extra flavoring and bouquet. "For instance, when we serve a Sazerac Cocktail, which has a brandy base, we always rinse the inside of the glass first with absinthe. It makes a better drink."

He said there was over a dozen ways to serve Herbsaint, or absinthe, as he preferred to call it. There was the straight highball with ice lumps and soda, the Frappe with the drink permeating finely cracked ice, the Tomat with grenadine, the New Orleans with Italian vermouth and a dash of bitters with a twist of lemon peel on top, and so on. The specialty of the Old Absinthe House is the Suissesse.

I watched him make the Suissesse and the color changes from green to a dark milky opalescence afforded an absorbing sight. To two ounces of

Non-drinker George de Witt listens to Earl Wilson and Eva Gabor debate merits of liqueur.

Typical scene in New Orleans tavern. Waiter recommends Herbsaint's charms

Herbsaint he added one teaspoonful of sugar, the white of an egg, cracked ice and a dab of light sweet cream. The stuff seemed to sizzle in the glass while I sipped till it was gone. "How do you like it?" he asked, and I nodded appreciatively. "It's the greatest pick-me-up in the morning," he added.

I tried a feeble joke. "Isn't it supposed to do something for you the night before?"

The barman grinned. "That's what they say," he answered.

And I wondered. Maybe I was just immune, like some people are immune to the curative effects of penicillin.

Then I learned something about this drink from J. Marion Legendre, a man of French ancestry who established it on a commercial basis in 1933 and recently sold it to the Sazerac Company, which has been manufacturing alcoholic beverages since 1850. He said the "secret recipe" came from his ancestors and was handed down in his family from generation to generation until he decided to put it on the market.

Legendre contended that the outlawed wormwood was not really harmful, and that the original absinthe went into disrepute because a lot of companies in France and other European countries began using very inferior and injurious herbs in their products. Then there was a writer, Marie Corelli, whose book "Wormwood," written shortly after the turn of the century, was a widely read indictment of all absinthe drinking and influenced the lawmakers of various lands, including the United States.

"It was the inferior herbs used at the time, not the oil of wormwood, that caused the damage," he insisted. "When the finest herbs are used, all carefully selected and tested, the drink is not harmful to the health in any way. What we've been really selling is absinthe and that's what they call it at the bars, but the law doesn't permit the use of the word although we've been trying for years to get the law changed."

Tracing its history, he said the drink originated in Algeria some centuries ago when French soldiers used a native herb, *artemesia barrelieri*, to reduce their sufferings from fever. When they macerated the herb in alcohol and water and flavored it with anise they discovered its pleasant as well as healing effect. At the time of the Franco-Algerian war they introduced the drink to Paris when they returned and soon discovered similar herbs on their own soil, and absinthe began to flourish in France. It became fashionable in Paris for the bearded gallants and

(*turn to page* 69)

Closely guarded secret formula is mixed in these massive tanks

PHOTOGRAPHY BY IRV CARSTEN/GRAPHIC HOUSE

pictorial essay

Freud,
Jung
and Adler
get off . .

THE COUCH

. . . when lovely Chris Starr
enters the field
of psychiatry!

The problem of purchasing a couch is almost as serious for the young genus psychiatris *seeking to establish an office and practice as it is for the young* genus femininis *attempting to furnish a home (without . .) or a house (. . . with practice).*

For in psychiatry it's not who you know or what you know, since nothing as mundane as knowledge or contacts—

the keys to success in most other endeavors—will avail you in this most mystical of professions.

With this in mind, model Chris Starr volunteered to simulate a bit of couch testing, hoping to help all would-be head shrinkers make this most important of decisions.

The choice boiled down to three basic shapes, all herewith presented and described:—

Shape number one: *long, low and rectangular, as on page 47 and following. Most id-keepers agree that this shape is best suited for supine hypnosis and other*

simple treatments requiring the patient to be prone. On the other hand, one must consider the possibility of the patient rolling onto the floor during a brief doze, and the esthetic untidiness presented by an obese patient hanging over the edge. The drawbacks do not show up in these photos, since, obviously, Miss Starr is neither obese nor prone to doze.

Shape number two *large and square,*

similar to a bed, as on page 48. The great advantage of this shape is that fat patients are made to feel small and inconspicuous, which is desirable. but, unfortunately, small patients are made to feel like midgets, which is hardly desirable. Worse still, the bed has a tendency to place the young psychiatrist's good name with the community in serious jeopardy.

Shape number three. *small, circular arrangement, as on page 49. This shape is superb for claustrophobic patients who fear being shut into corners, whether fancied or real. Its basic disadvantage is amply portrayed by Miss Starr, a very normal sized young lady, who apparently can't make ends meet on it.*

But don't let Miss Starr influence your decision; the choice is up to you. What would you do if you were a psychiatrist and she were testing your couch?

"Ol that deceit should dwell in such e gorgeous palace."
Shakespeare

ILLUSTRATED BY ISJF

fiction **JOSEPH L. GILMORE**

Mr. Chioda's voice intoned like the hum of a fly sighting molasses. The girl sat motionless before him, her eyes closed, her hands resting flatly on her thighs. The people in the half-darkened room stood behind the droning voice and they were quiet—so quiet you could have heard a barometer drop.

"You are now in a deep sleep," Mr. Chioda was saying. "You are fully asleep."

He shifted on the footstool in front of the big chair. He looked back at the others and smiled, a deep dark, smile intimating he had just accomplished the impossible.

Yet in contrast to the refreshing interest shown by the others at the party, Mr. Chioda appeared tired of the proceedings. He had not wanted to come to the party with David Carson; it would have been better if he and David had spent the evening in some bar talking over old times quietly. But he had come to town unexpectedly and David had already committed them to attend the party.

He had feared that his knowledge of psychology and hypnosis would be

mentioned by David That, in turn, would lead to some giggling young woman insisting on being put into a trance, hoping for a bizarre and exciting experience. He had wanted to avoid it, but Jeanne Welling, the girl sleeping in front of him, and the others had been adamant in their desire for such an experiment.

"Is she really in a trance?" asked Mary Ann Morrison, David's pretty girl friend

"Completely," Mr. Chioda answered.

"She's faking," exclaimed Arnold Whitfield, the girl's fiancé "Jeanne always was a good actress."

"I'm afraid she isn't faking, Mr. Whitfield," answered Mr. Chioda. "If you don't believe it, you're welcome to test her. Don't touch her or you may arouse her Perhaps a private joke to try to make her laugh."

"This is ridiculous," Arnold said. "I know she believes in this hokus-pokus and she's just enough of a practical joker to fake the whole thing. Watch, I'll break her up with laughter."

Arnold stepped in front of his fiancée's chair and leaned over so that his face was about an inch from hers

"And the same goes for your goddamn cat," he said to her.

She sat unmoved, as though she did not hear the words.

"I'll be damned," Arnold said, standing upright again "That's the punch line of her favorite joke. She always laughs when I repeat it."

"She did not hear you," Mr. Chioda said. "She can hear no voice but mine."

Mr Chioda smiled. His eyes met Arnold's and Arnold looked away, somewhat abashed Chioda went over to the girl.

"Can you hear my voice, Miss Welling?"

"I can hear you." She spoke slowly, deliberately Her eyes did not open

Mr Chioda looked at Arnold. "You still do not believe she is hypnotized?"

"Not in a million years," Arnold snapped

Mr. Chioda turned to the girl again.

"I see," Mr. Chioda said thoughtfully, "a woman of high character and unquestionably good morals when I look at Miss Welling She is the kind of woman who enjoys a good joke and may even indulge in a bit of innocent teasing. She would never do anything immodest or immoral. Am I correct in my assumption, Mr. Whitfield?"

"You sure are," Arnold said with a laugh. "She's the kind of girl who wouldn't say manure if she were covered with it."

"Then I can further assume that Miss Welling probably has a little more than her share of, shall I say, inhibitions?"

"That's her name spelled backwards," Arnold countered.

Mr. Chioda looked directly at Arnold's eyes.

"Would you say it's ridiculous to assume your fiancée would take off an article of clothing in the presence of mixed company?"

"You're damned right!" Arnold exclaimed. "She wouldn't take off her earrings in public for fear of a scandal."

"Her sweater," Mr. Chioda said. "Would she take off her sweater?"

David Carson, silent until now, coughed noisily at this question from his friend.

"Now, wait a minute, Ben," he said to Mr Chioda. "Maybe *this* crazy galoot doesn't believe she's in a trance, but I certainly do. I've seen you do it dozens of times Why don't you try some of the usual gimmicks to prove she's hypnotized?"

"All right, David There are, as you know, many things I could have her do I could make her bark like a dog, crow like a rooster, or even cry like a baby I could get her drunk on a glass of water, or I could make her arm as stiff as cement Perhaps I should try . . ."

"No," Arnold interrupted. "She'd do all those things whether she was in a trance or not I think, however, you hit on the one thing that can prove Jeanne is in a trance. If you think you can get her to take off her sweater right here in front of God and everybody, then, by George, I want to see you try it. I'll be convinced if you do."

"But isn't there something in the rules," asked Mary Ann Morrison, "about a person not doing under hypnosis anything they would not ordinarily do in a conscious state?"

"There is something in the rules, as you say, but not quite as broad as that," Mr. Chioda said. "No person can be made to do that which is violently opposed to his moral or religious canons. I could not, for instance, induce this young lady to commit murder or any sexual act that she had not already intended to commit. As for the simple matter of having her take off an item of clothing, I will not order her to do so I will merely create an atmosphere conducive to the removal of the sweater"

Chioda then sat down in front of the girl and looked penetratingly at her closed eyelids. His smooth voice began at a low pitch and worked up to a steady hum.

"You are going home, Miss Welling You are tired and you are going home. The party is over You must go home and to bed. Can you hear me, Miss Welling? If you hear me, repeat: I am going home."

"I am going home"

"And now, you are home It is late and you are tired. You are in your bedroom You must hurry and get to bed Repeat after me: It is so late and I am very tired."

"It is late and I am very tired."

"You are alone in your bedroom. There is no one here but you. You are quite alone. Repeat after me: I am alone. There is no one here but me."

"I am alone. There's no one here but me."

"Then, you must get to bed It is late and you are tired You must hurry and go to bed."

The girl sat up in the chair, a perplexed look on her face.

"What is wrong?" Mr. Chioda asked. "Can't you find your pajamas?"

"I—I don't wear pajamas," the girl answered.

Mr. Chioda heard a rustling of activity behind him. Two girls tried vainly to stifle giggles He turned and stilled the group with a penetrating glare.

"Tell me, Miss Welling," he asked, "Do you sleep in nothing at all?"

"I sleep in nothing at all."

Mr. Chioda turned and addressed Arnold and David. "What do you think? If I go on, she might take off everything. If she is in the habit of sleeping in the nude, she will certainly not stop at taking off her sweater."

"Couldn't you stop her after the sweater is off?" asked David

"I think so, but it would be a chance to take."

"Go ahead," Arnold Whitfield said, tensely

"Miss Welling," Chioda continued,

(*turn to page* 58)

"Let's build an Abominable Snowman."

BREM's *World . . .*

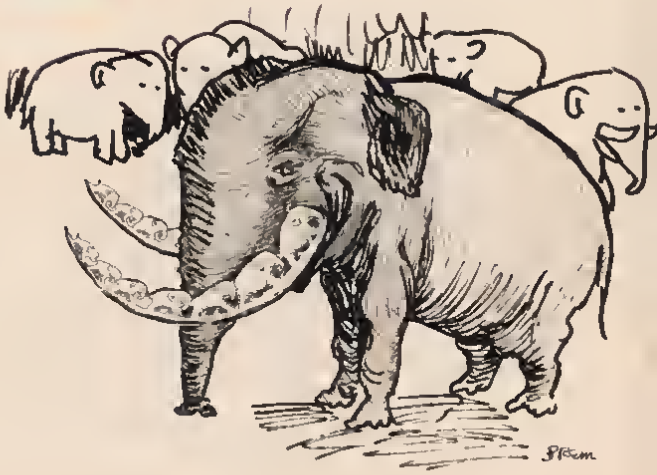
Combine Virgil Partch,
André Francois
and Ronald Searle,
add individual hamor
of a high order
and if you're lucky
you'll come up with
off beat kicks
like these . . .

"Oh, go to hell!"

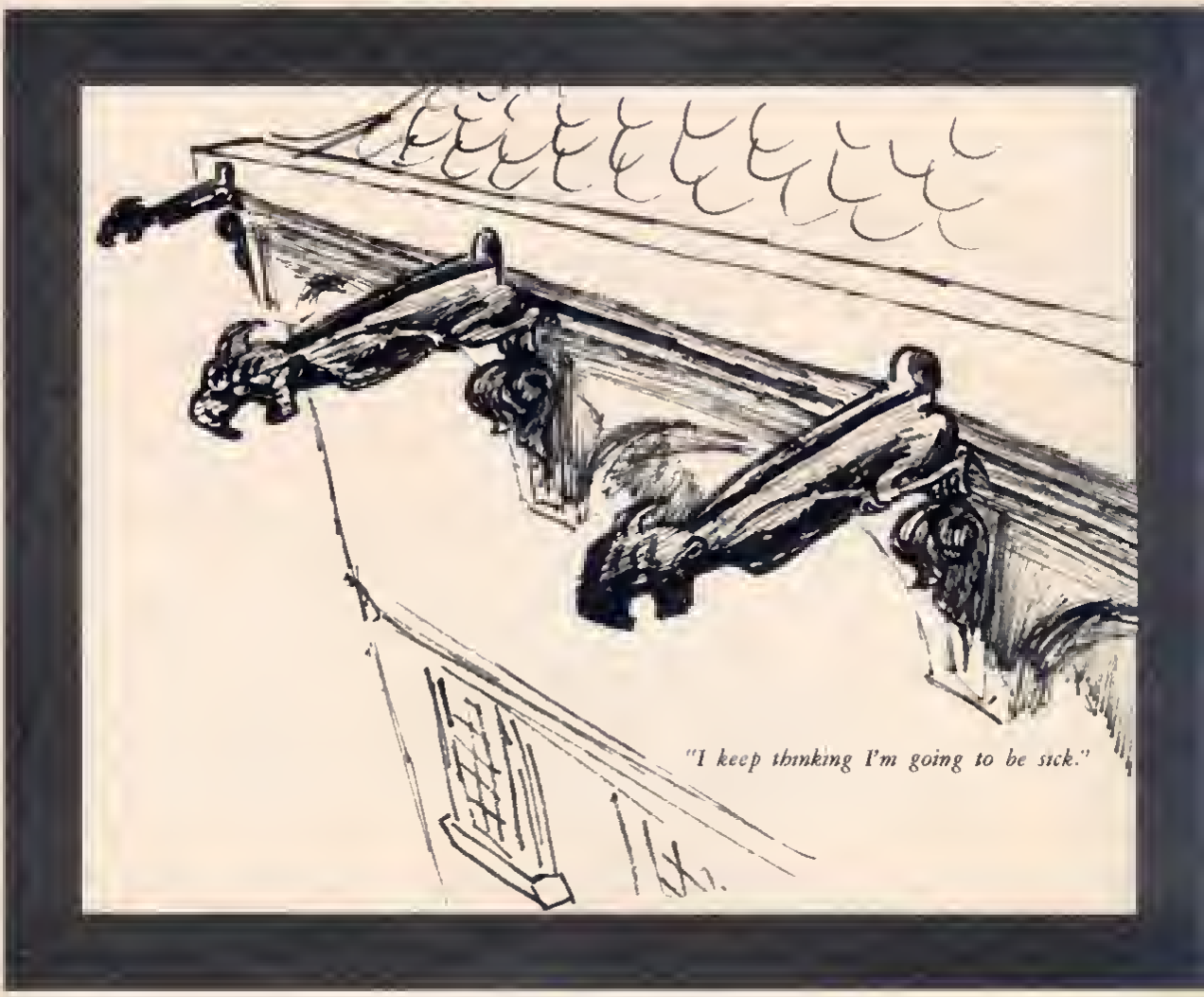
"O.k. Rembrandt, where's tonight's dinner?"

"Not too well . . . I'm on my last legs."

"Hey! Grandpa's off his rocker again!"



"The time has come to speak of many things . . ."



"I keep thinking I'm going to be sick."

THE INNER WOMAN

(continued from page 54)

"you must prepare for bed. Remember, there is no one here but you. You are alone. Now, prepare to go to bed."

The girl stood up slowly, her hands hanging limply. Slowly, in an almost indiscernible motion, her body began to sway. Her hands came up to waist level, the fingers pointing outward like a Hawaiian dancer preparing to do the hula. Her hips began to roll from side to side and her hands moved rhythmically.

"What in the . . ." Arnold burst out. He was stopped by Mr. Chioda's restraining hand.

They watched the girl as her body movements shifted into a sensual, hip rolling dance. Then, as though to some haunting music heard only by her, she moved to the center of the room with a graceful pirouette. She began swaying her shoulders in step with her hips and her whole body joined in as she danced before the small group, her eyes still closed.

Mr. Chioda was perhaps more astonished than the others. He knew he should not try to stop her. The wrong word, the slightest movement, might arouse her and cause her to fall. Then, too, the phenomenon was intriguing him. He had never seen an entranced person perform unrequested acts such as this. The others, by now, had become too absorbed in the fantasy of the dance to interfere.

The girl swooped across the floor, her body bending and yawing to the unheard music, and she began to clap her hands in a slow, measured beat. Her long, blonde hair swished to and fro, now in her face, now trailing down her shoulders like a yellow cape against the jet black of her sweater. She revealed the artistry of an experienced dancer, yet the raw, uninhibited movements of an animal as she moved shamelessly around the room.

Suddenly, the dance slowed and the girl stood in the center of the room, her hips rolling, her hands dancing lightly about her waist. Her shoulders were again still. Then, as though the music had reached a vibrant crescendo, her hands crisscrossed around her middle and her long fingers grasped the wool cloth of her sweater's hem.

With her hips still swaying in time to the unheard music, Miss Welling raised her hands slowly, pulling the sweater with them. The garment tugged at her breasts, then snapped loose and slipped over her head and arms. She held the sweater high in the air and then bent over in a dying swan split to drop it on the floor in front of her. She had been wearing a half slip and her white bra fairly shrieked in the dim light of the room.

Mr. Chioda took off his jacket and moved forward to put it around the half-nude girl, but she went into the dance again and slipped out of his reach. She began the sensual gyrations again, this time jerking her shoulders in a more pronounced fashion which accented the absence of her protective sweater.

David Carson moved up beside Mr. Chioda and grabbed his arm.

"For God's sake, Ben, do something. Make her stop."

The dark-haired man looked at his friend and shook his head.

"I don't know what to do, David. In all the years I've experimented with hypnotism, I have never seen anything like this. Nor have any of my colleagues at the university. I honestly don't know what I can do at this point."

By now, Miss Welling had completed another spin around the room and was slipping out of her skirt. The enraptured group, including Arnold Whitfield whose eyes had become as big as flying saucers, watched intently.

"Why don't you just grab her and make her stop?" David suggested.

"No," Mr. Chioda answered firmly. "Above all, I can't do that. If I did, it would probably shake her out of her trance. I can't let her awaken that way, particularly with half her clothes on the floor. We'll just have to let the dance run its full course."

"She'll be stark naked by then."

"Probably so. That's the chance we'll have to take. Have someone get a sheet from the bedroom. We can cover her with that until I establish contact with her again and have her dress herself."

David disappeared into the background and Mr. Chioda watched the girl again. She had taken off her half-slip and it lay in a white, silken heap beside her sweater and skirt. She made another turn around the room and then stopped near the chair, her hips still rolling and her hands moving gently back and forth as they had done earlier. Slowly, her hands went to her back and released the snap on her bra band. Dave pressed a corner of a sheet into Mr. Chioda's hand and the two prepared to drape it over the girl.

They did not have to use the sheet. Miss Welling's hands, as though commanded by some inner force, dropped from her back and hung limp again at her sides. The hips stopped rolling and she was again motionless, waiting for a command. Mr. Chioda moved forward, but the girl turned slowly and went to her chair. She sat down and leaned against the wing back of the chair, her hands clasped at her cheek.

Mr. Chioda looked at David and smiled, mysteriously. The dark man started toward the chair, but felt himself pulled back. He spun around to face Arnold Whitfield, anger pouring from his eyes.

"I know I can't sock you now," Arnold said, "because she'd never come out of the trance. But when she wakes up, you and I are going outside to settle a thing or two."

Mr. Chioda smiled at the angry man. "I can assure you, Mr. Whitfield, there will be nothing in your fiancée's actions when she awakens to merit a fight between us. Now, if you will pardon me, I have work to do."

He sat down, took the girl's shoulders and pulled her upright in the chair. He took the sheet from David and placed it over the girl to conceal her from the staring crowd.

"Can you hear me, Miss Welling?"

The girl was breathing hard from the dance and her shoulders rose and fell under the sheet. She seemed at first not to hear the smooth, even voice, but finally answered that she could hear.

"It is time to dress and go back to the party, Miss Welling. You have been in bed and you are refreshed. You must get up and dress."

"I must get up and dress."

Mr. Chioda turned and motioned for someone to hand him the girl's clothes, still lying in heaps about the floor. David Carson brought the clothes. Mr. Chioda handed the girl her slip.

"Here is your slip. You must stand up and put it on."

The girl stood up and took the garment. He then gave Miss Welling her skirt and sweater which she put

in response to his quiet orders.

"Now, Miss Welling," he went on, "you are back at the party. You are not in your bedroom. You are at the party. Tell me, where are you?"

"I am at the party."

"You have been in a deep sleep. I am going to awaken you. When you open your eyes, you will not remember anything that has happened to you while you were in the deep sleep. You must understand me. You are at the party and I am going to awaken you. You will feel refreshed. You will not be fatigued. You will be the same as you were when you went to sleep. Do you understand?"

He started to count slowly, each numeral a distinct command. When he reached ten, he paused and snapped his fingers.

Miss Welling's eyes opened. She looked first at Mr. Chioda and then at the others in the room.

"Well?"

"Well what?" Mr. Chioda answered.

"Aren't you going to hypnotize me like you said?"

Mr. Chioda turned to look at Arnold. The man was obviously startled by his fiancée's response. It was evident that Arnold's anger was quickly being dissipated by the thought of the explanations he'd have to make later.

"Ha, it didn't work," she said. "Arnold was right all the time. It *is* just so much hokus-pokus. Let's have a drink, Arnold, to celebrate the fact that we finally agree on something."

"But you don't drink," Arnold said.

"That's right, I don't drink, do I? Well, for tonight, I do. In fact, I'm even going to have a cigarette. You mind?"

The couple walked arm in arm into an adjacent dining nook. Mr. Chioda and David retired to a fireplace area while the others joined Arnold and Jeanne in the other room.

"Whew," David said when they were alone, "that's the strangest thing I've ever witnessed."

"Yes, it was strange," Mr. Chioda agreed, "but there is a relatively simple explanation."

"Don't tell me you have an answer for it. You were just as puzzled as the rest of us."

"Of course I was, but let's consider this point: Miss Welling is a girl with a lot of inhibitions. Let us assume that she also has an inner desire to shake off these inhibitions. You must admit that tonight she could have done just about anything and not be blamed for doing it. Her dance, though it appeared professional, was nothing more than a collection of dancing school exercises, sprinkled generously with burlesque movements she undoubtedly has seen somewhere."

"You lost me, buddy," David said. "You lost me 'way back."

"It's quite simple. There is a little of the exhibitionist in all of us. I believe what happened tonight stems from Miss Welling's desire to rebel against what is constantly expected of her and to exhibit a few animal instincts in a blameless fashion. You don't see any of her friends blaming her for that torrid dance she performed, do you?"

"Of course not," David agreed, "but she was under hypnosis."

"Oh, didn't I make that clear?" Mr. Chioda asked. "Miss Welling was not in a trance any more than you were."

"You're kidding."

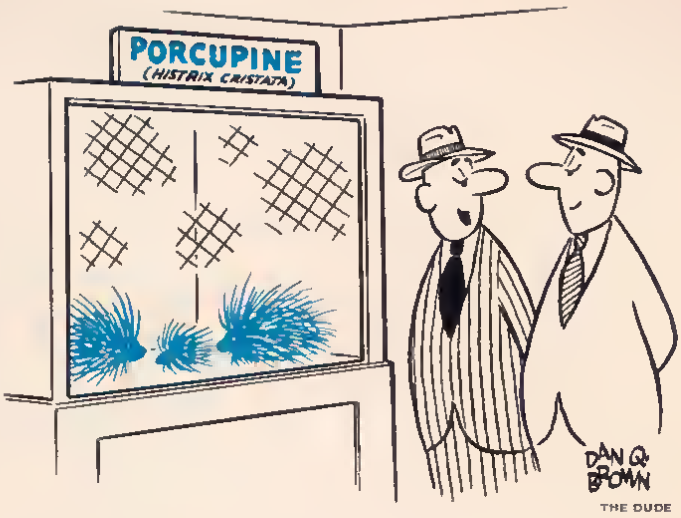
"No, I'm not. I wasn't sure of it until she refused to take off her hat. She aroused my suspicions earlier when she failed to repeat word for word the things I told her to repeat. When she started the dance, I was confused and actually wanted to believe she was under hypnosis, probably because I would like to have discovered something new in the field. I had already established the fact that Miss Welling sleeps in the nude. Under those circumstances, if she had been in a trance, she would not have hesitated to take off all her clothes."

"Then, why didn't you stop her if there was nothing to worry about in shaking her out of a trance?"

"Mainly because everyone else in the room was convinced that she was under a spell of some sort. I went through the motions to save the girl from any embarrassment. She made her point and I, for all practical purposes, made mine. Actually, the whole thing is turning out for the best. She's already beginning to lose some of her inhibitions. What is more important, she's doing it with complete acceptance from Mr. Whitfield and the others."

"Well, you can drum up all the psychological ramifications you want in order to explain it, professor," said David, "but I still can't understand how a nice girl like her could go through all that and pull it off so well unless she *were* in a trance."

"You forget one thing, David. Her fiance warned us from the beginning that Miss Welling was a very good actress. She may never make Hollywood, but I will say she put on a mighty impressive performance tonight. Then, too, a woman who has concealed for twenty-one years an inner desire as strong as hers just has to be a good actress."



"I was just wondering the same thing myself."

CALL OF THE MILD

(*continued from page* 10)

to be ten dollars for the night. now it's one hundred," he said. "But I can't complain Nowadays I charge ten times more for operations."

He took time out to light a cigarette. "I used to get the girls through pimps and madames," he said. "But after all this time I'm so well known I don't need to. This has brought about a situation I'm not too proud of. Truth is, some of the time I know I'm being used to break in new girls."

He paused to choose his words. "Call girls are like homosexuals," he said finally. "They think the world is against them, as indeed it is. They're always trying to enlist other girls in the game, so they'll feel someone else is as low in the social scale as they are. When a call girl meets a girl on the loose, her own age or younger, she starts in telling how wonderful it is to be a call girl. The other girl says she's heard it's horrible, giving in to all those hairy, brutal men. The first girl says, oh no, the men are nice. Then she phones me, says she has a new girl for me next Wednesday. The new girl comes here at, say, eleven o'clock. I have a small bachelor flat fixed up behind my office. We have a few drinks, in a pleasant, relaxed atmosphere. It's all very civilized. I'm easy to get along with, and the girl can raid the icebox or watch the Late Show if she isn't sleepy when I am. She spends the night in a big Hollywood bed. On the bed table in the morning she finds one hundred dollars in crisp bills. Then the girl who sent her tells her all the men are like me, and the girl's hooked."

I told him about the call girls I'd seen coming into the bar the night before. They had all seemed so happy, I said. What was all this jazz I'd read about call girls being emotionally disturbed, suicide-prone and deeply unhappy?

He chuckled. "You should see one in the morning or early afternoon," he said. "They're that way then What a call girl wants out of life is the luxury, the drinks, the night clubs, the clothes, the money, the sociability. Above all, she hates being alone. When you see a call girl stepping into a restaurant on a new call, you see her at the peak moment of her day. She is about to get—briefly—all she wants in life. It's no wonder she looks radiant then. But later . . ."

I explained I wanted to talk to a call girl without spending money and he promised to find the right place for me. A few days later, he phoned. "I think I've got it," he said "It's on the West Side, so the girls won't be so snooty. It's in a hotel where labor racketeers and cloak-and-suiters have taken over the bar. So have the girls You should find plenty of conversation."

So off I went again. It was like he said. A run-down Broadway hotel with a name vaguely familiar to all New Yorkers. Now a glossy bar had been added It looked like a shiny new set of false teeth in a battered old face, but there it was and I went in

My, my, so this was sin! Once more it was midnight, but the place wasn't as crowded as the other bar had been. There were girls sitting around here and the doctor who said they wouldn't look expensive was off his Park Avenue rocker. They all seemed tall, aloof and very, very snazzy.

Except one—she was small, streamlined. Broadwayish. A while back you'd have called her a chorus girl type. Only the fashion in chorus girls has changed to angular, flat-chested ballet dancers. Nowadays you'd say this one was a call-girl type—and be so right.

She sat at the bar. silver blonde hair a tight cap on a pert head On one side of her was an empty leather-topped stool On the other was the fattest guy I'd ever seen.

He was no guy I'd want to tangle with, yet he seemed to have turned his meaty back on the chick I liked Now he gave a thunderous bellow of laughter and hugged the svelte beauty on the other side of him It looked safe. I moved in on the empty stool.

"Like a drink?" I asked the bright little blonde. She looked me over carefully and said, "Sure." At the doorway I'd figured her to be about eighteen but close-up she looked twenty A few lines around her eyes, and the eyes themselves, said that in those twenty years she'd lived about fifty.

"A stinger, Ray," she called to the bartender. I ordered a rye and we were off on the mad adventure.

"What's your name?" I wanted to know

"Kim," she told me

"That's original," I said "Kim Novak, Kim Stanley, and all those others."

"I spell mine different. Two m's. Kimm"

It was my turn to look *her* over carefully She might be kidding, and she might not I decided she wasn't. She was Kimm, all right I took a fast gulp of drink.

How do you proposition a call girl? Do you wait, ply her with drinks, make a discreet play? Or do you barge right into the bargaining? No one had ever told me. I remembered one night in a southern town a girl had come up to me and said, "You sportin' tonight, hon?" Maybe that was the thing to say.

"You sportin' tonight, hon?" I asked

She looked at me levelly, two knowing eyes over the thin edge of the stinger glass.

"I got what you want; have you got what I want?" she asked flatly.

I ran a mind's eye quickly over my physical attributes. Then it hit me what she had in mind. Still, I had to make sure. "What d'you mean?"

"Money I come high. Think you've got it?"

I could tell by her eyes she didn't think so. That made it unanimous I *knew* I didn't—and even if I did, I wouldn't.

"How much?"

"Fifty dollars I'm worth it too."

The corner of my eye told me again she wasn't exaggerating

"Like I say," she repeated, "I'm worth it."

"But for how long?"

"An hour."

There were no surprises in this script Price, time, just what we've all heard. But I had to play this along—get the story, get back. the mighty Swope had said. Right now, I was getting the story.

"But suppose," I said, groping, "I want more than an hour."

"Anything over an hour's a hundred bucks," she stated with crisp finality. Then in an effort to seem friendly and nice, she added, "If you pay one hundred, I'll stay with you all night."

"Well, that's fine." I said. I looked at the two half-finished drinks on the bar in front of us "Can we take the drinks upstairs with us?"

"Oh, I wouldn't stay in this crummy hotel," she announced, and she named a Fifth Avenue hotel about half-a-rung below the Waldorf in expense and exclusiveness "You take a

(*turn to page* 64)

THE SHUFFLE-BOARD SET

Whether you're doing the cruise bit, or living it up on the level at the seashore, or stalking the mountains in search of prey, this is a handy guide to some of the smarter new ideas in men's wear.

Throw away that black tie and those funereal evening vests It's like color, man! Ties are hand-woven Indian madras plaid, as are the cummerbunds Only in India can they achieve these soft, subtle colorings The vest is silk plaid, in black and red Made with a satin shawl collar and a bib front Cummerbunds, ties and vest courtesy Men's Town and Country

fashion . . . WILSON CANTRELL

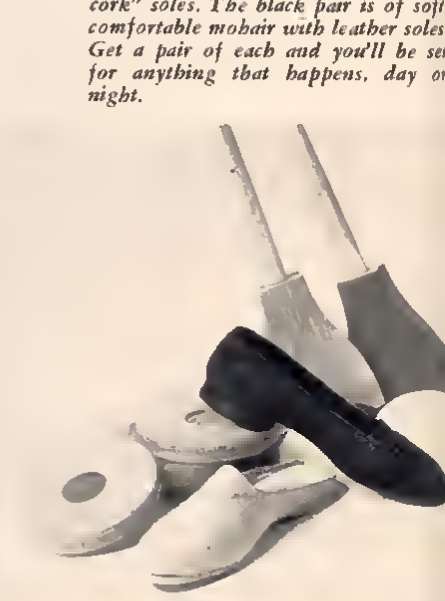
PHOTOGRAPHY BY RUPERT CALLENDER

These new and interesting hats are all made of raffia Easy to care for, they're perfect for the casual knockabout life

Hats courtesy Stetson Hats, N Y C

Blame it on Yancy Derringer if you will but lacy evening shirts, frilled fronts and eyelet dickeys are the big thing for those long, hot summer nights Made of imported broadcloth or imported batiste, with French cuffs, you can even get lace hankies to match if you think that isn't going too far

The crazy pair of beige beach slippers are made of mohair and have "cello cork" soles. The black pair is of soft comfortable mohair with leather soles Get a pair of each and you'll be set for anything that happens, day or night.



Shirts courtesy Lew Magram, N Y C

Shoes courtesy Capezio, N Y C

Those wraps aren't serapes, and they're not ponchos, but something new and wild in absorbent terrycloth. They're just the thing to wrap the wet frame in after a communal dunk. These interesting garments can be worn a variety of ways and come with an invaluable, huge pocket for your *butts and* her *keys . . .*

Beach robes designed by Edward Myers, N.Y.C

CALL OF THE MILD

(*continued from page 60*)

double room, so there won't be any trouble with the house law. You phone me the room number, and I rush right over and join you."

My surprise was lost in outrage. "Why, a double room in that hotel costs twenty or thirty dollars. It's the same whether you stay an hour or a night. That, on top of the money I give you, makes almost one hundred for an hour, a hundred and fifty for the night."

"You can stay all night in the room," she pointed out. "All my johns do it." She finished off primly, "I don't go with guys got a complex against spending."

All too rapidly it was becoming evident that I had just such a complex. I could see her interest in me fading.

I decided to try guile. "Look, Kimm." I said "It happens I'm a guy with plenty of time. For me afternoons are as good as nights. Maybe we could get together some afternoon, at my apartment."

Suspicion flared up in her eyes. This was something new, something she didn't understand. Her voice rose and in its shrillness you could detect the fears and tensions of an underprivileged childhood.

"Say, what are you?" she demanded. "I work legitimate and I come high, but I'm worth it, like I say. You tryin' to buzz me?"

"No, no," I said. "Keep your hat on." I couldn't think of anything more to say, so I reached over and grabbed a matchbox standing vertical in an ashtray. I tore it off close to the sulphur base. "Just write a phone number on this," I said, handing her the flap. "In lipstick, any number. I'll give you mine."

She pushed off the stool, glaring. Now she looked cute, as angry as a tormented kitten. "Look, you," she said tightly. "You're strictly Standupsville with me. You better travel out of here. You're a wise guy, the kind brings nothing but trouble."

On her other side the massive man heard the fury in her tones and heaved his enormous bulk around. "This guy givin' you aggravation, doll?" he rumbled.

This guy wasn't. I was already off the barstool, in my coat and out the door. I shoved the matchbox cover into my pocket. It was a souvenir of an evening, no more.

. . . Two nights spent in quest of a call girl. I'd talked to one, seen about twenty. That would seem to be enough. There was only the matchbox cover—a matter of honor now.

Next day it was cocktails with my literary agent. All writers have them, and mine was something. My agent is a woman, big, loud and overwhelming. With her I'm always reminded of Bertha Cool in the Erle Stanley Gardner stories. But my agent is as sharp as Bertha Cool where money is concerned. Therefore, a good agent.

We always meet at a certain hotel where the bar looks over into Central Park. There my agent is well known enough to receive a stream of business calls. Today, as usual, we sat against the wall of the room while she told me what was the matter with me in terms as subtle as the roar of a bull. Why don't you write for TV instead of magazines? she demanded, in full diapason. Why don't you quit writing about call girls and specialize in science? This is the jet age, the sex age is dead.

It's a popular bar and sitting down I was wedged beside a very pretty girl. She sat with an Ivy League type who seemed to be half stoned. He kept ordering drinks for himself alone. I noted that once the girl peered into her bag, as if to make sure she had enough money to meet the check.

The two had nothing to say to each other, and I knew they were listening to my agent belabor me. But the girl was so pretty I didn't care.

Out of the corner of my eye I saw the Ivy Leaguer undertake a weaving trip to the men's room. Just then my agent was summoned to one of her many phone calls. I sat back against the upholstery so close to the girl that our knees seemed to touch. Or had she moved closer to me so that they would touch warmly? Wonder of wonders, she had.

"I'd rather be talking to you," I said as an opener.

She swung shining eyes to me, under little-boy bangs. "Would you?" she queried. "Well, I don't do this too often. But I know all about you from listening to that loud woman talk. I know you're okay. You can see me any time. Here's my card, call me."

As she said it her eyes narrowed. Suddenly she looked like the blonde of the night before. "But it's business, you know," she said.

"Sure, I know." Right now every girl in New York seemed like a call girl to me. I looked at the card. Dyllis, her name was. Kimm and Dyllis. They sure went in for fancy names. I had a quick, mad image of a legion of pretty girls biting pencils while they maneuvered letters of the alphabet into names like Kimm and Dyllis.

Her address was on the West Side, an agreeable surprise. "I'm just here from Chicago," she explained. "I've got the names of lots of older men from the conventions out there. But I'm trying to contact some younger ones, like you and this jerk I'm with. I'm making him a business proposition to take me to a Yale prom. I wouldn't do anything wrong up there, but I'd meet a lot of rich young guys and when they come to New York . . ."

I handed back her card, and for a moment she looked hurt, as if it was a rebuff. "It's not that." I said.

I took a matchbox and tore the cover off. "Write your phone number on that instead," I said. "Make it in lipstick, so it smudges." She was a good sport and she did it. Eyes round and pleased, she handed it back to me.

"You'll call?" she asked.

My nod went up, down and sideways. Yes and again No, it said. Darling Dyllis, make of it what you will, take it as you like. I had the matchbox cover, and I could have the gal. I'd got the story. Getting back—that was simple.

∞

SIC TRANSIT

(*continued from page 23*)

up with just such an object around my neck.) By a slight extension of the Transit Authority's line of reasoning, I expect some smart exploitation man to advance the proposition any day now that Siberia Is A Winter Paradise.

If the current trend of surrender to creeping Momism and Togetherness succeeds in putting the subways and tubes back on a paying basis, this veteran of many thousand leagues under the New York earth

will be surprised, dismayed and driven to getting about on a motor-scooter. The scent of apple blossoms! Muzak! Watermelon pink! Elsa Maxwell! Paper handkerchiefs! John Robert Powers' Miss Subways! Darling, it's all just too, too divine for *words*, and a hell of a sissy way to run a railroad.

When I was a lad, no one ventured into the limitless catacombs under the city without a good deal of well-placed trepidation and apprehension. Each journey was a fresh adventure in exploration, fraught with as many possibilities of hazards, chills and thrills as face the most daring spelunker in his murky burrowings. The underground was, in fact, the underground in all of the stygian, submerged, mysterious, Dostoievskian senses of the word. It was the great collective subconscious underlying the towering city's bright, busy daylight intelligence and activity, the fecund womb nourishing in impartial darkness the good, the bad and the indeterminate seeds of the city's life.

This aspect of the subway was overwhelmed and obscured during the rush hours, to be sure. Then the subway became a moiling, noisome, racketing conveyance, an endless chain of cattle-cars with no ASPCA to care how wretchedly jammed they were, an unavoidable shock treatment between waking and working, and a dreary, wearing way of wending homeward. It is still all of that for an awful hour or two preceding 9 a.m. and following 5 p.m., I learned from those poor souls who have no choice but to submit to its daily violations of dignity, and it is clear that no Muzak can ever be turned up high enough, no apple-blossom scent ever sprayed densely enough, to moderate the miseries of these hours.

But it can't be *then*, I'm sure, that subway revenues fail to meet the Transit Authority's exigent demands. The farthest reaches of Brooklyn, Queens, the Bronx and the Jersey marshes are still packed with hundreds of thousands of wage-earners who can't all switch to working in their neighborhood candy-stores, or turn to subsistence farming in their window-boxes, just because they don't like to spend two hours a day suspended from a strap and jammed toes-to-toes, nose-to-nose, and etcetera-to-etcetera up against miscellaneous strangers of all sexes and conditions. They can't all afford to join car pools, and if they could, the city's parking facilities wouldn't begin to accommodate that many more vehicles.

No, it's in those off hours, those between hours, and especially in those after-dark-to-dawn hours—when the subway's secret, truly subterranean nature comes to life—that people who once rode the subway, though they weren't actually forced to, just aren't doing it anymore. One proof of this is that Elsa Maxwell, who certainly didn't choose a rush hour for her initial venture below, found the people she encountered there "most friendly." Clearly, those just weren't genuine subway people. Not employees like conductors or token-booth agents, obviously—it's a rare day that one of *them* has a kind word or a smile to spare anyone. Not regular, enforced passengers, surely—in rush hours or out, they wear a fixed, impersonal and impenetrable stare, either down into a newspaper or up at the car-cards where John Robert Powers' Miss Subway reigns demurely, most of them would rather throw themselves under the wheels of an express at a local station than level at another passenger with an expression that might be mistaken for one of human warmth or interest. Whaddaya think—they want the subway dicks to frame 'em on a charge of oglng and soliciting?

No, what Elsa ran into must have been coveys of matinee-bound members of various ladies' clubs and sewing-circles, lured underground as she herself was by the new identification of the Transit Authority with cleansing powders and deodorants, by the expectation of finding reserved coaches done in watermelon pink and coral rose and reeking of Chanel No. 5, and possibly being offered afternoon tea and *petits fours* by a conductor wearing a crisp

"I dunno, what do you feel like doing?"

dimity apron over his coveralls. I see them tripping gaily down into the dim and musty vaults, scattering handfuls of confetti and flower petals in tribute to the Transit Authority's consideration, then uttering little squeals of dismay as they are confronted with the grim facts of subway travel, but putting up a brave show of enjoying it, and of course, at the sight of Elsa, feeling immensely reassured and rewarded.

It's a pretty enough picture, if you go for that kind of schmaltz, but it is a far cry from the dark, dreamlike and enduring reality of underground life, and I doubt that the Transit Authority has the funds or the Cecil B. De Milles it would take to sustain it. Nor would such a course, if it could be pursued, be at all likely to saucer the subways out of their recession.

What's needed for that is for the Transit Authority to recognize what it was about the old, undaintified subways and tubes that drew people, and young men particularly, as inexorably downward into their embrace as the sea monsters named Scylla and Charybdis drew voyagers in the Homeric legends. I don't mean to suggest that the Transit Authority, all by itself, should go to the length of trying to convert a luscious young nymph into a chimera with twelve feet, six sharp-fanged heads and a bark like a mastiff's, as Circe did with Scylla, but if it could buy one ready-made from one of the teratologists who supply carnivals and sideshows, and install it in some abandoned spur of the system, it would sure as hell draw livelier action than soap-coupon offers.

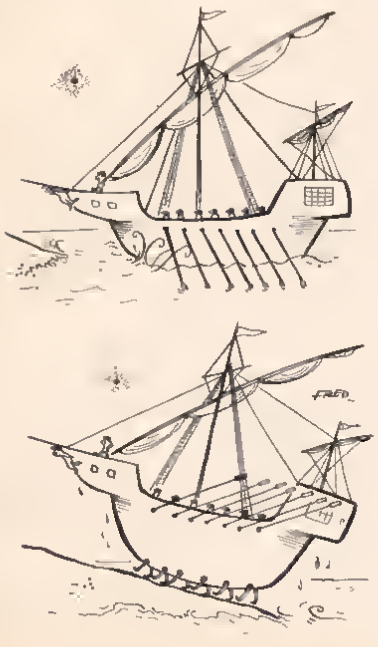
I know for myself that it is the siren call of *my* Miss Subways, the elusive but ever-enchanting Gloria, that often draws me back down there even when surface transit would serve me as well. She is wild, she is sweet, she is singular, she is real—and none the less so for my having fabricated her out of bits and scraps of actuality encountered here and there throughout my prime years in the submerged city. As though it were yesterday, I recall the time when I sat just knee-high to a charmer on the Seventh Avenue Local who could have taken any of the many vacant seats all around the car, but instead. . . Well, I was only fourteen and my *mother* was sitting beside me, for goodness sake! I could only put the bold girl away in memory's storehouse, to merge over the years with those other givers of fleeting glances—of rare and cherished lessons in bodily Braille—into the composite person of my reckless, alluring Gloria Subways.

Each man has his private dreams, which he cannot expect others to share fully, and my Miss Subways is one such dream—sentimental, perhaps, tinged with a wistful nostalgia, but like to each, as they say, his own. To fill the subways once again with comparable enticements for new generations of venturesome youths, the Transit Authority needn't shell out for any costly job of motivational research. The indications of what's called for are right there under their noses, as they couldn't fail to notice if they'd just turn off the apple-blossom spray and look around.

Why, over on West 42nd Street, on that stretch where all the salient elements of the old Bowery and Tenderloin, of Coney Island and the Blackboard Jungle, mingle and interbreed, the inevitable move has already got started of its own volition. It's to be seen in several subway arcades where the tawdry but heady atmosphere of honky-tonk and Fascination, of flea circus and phoney auction, of souvenir stand and shooting gallery, has flowed down from the street and almost up to the turnstiles.

Down there in one of those arcades there's a record shop blaring out all the latest rock hits for free audition without you're anywhere near the token booth yet. Next to it there's a bargain shop stocked with rocky-style Ivy-type haberdashery at give-away prices. And next to that there's a whole *two* grottoes filled with coin-operated amusement devices. Why, the other day I put a fistful of nickels into one of them, before I could get the waxworks Gypsy Grandma to deal me the fortune card I was looking for—with the news that I would meet a svelte, slinky stranger at the Delancey Street stop—and all around me were crowds of cats dropping dimes into the electronic ack-ack guns and quarters into the Photomats and pennies into the Mutoscopes and Love Meters and like that.

That's where a whole hefty lot of that loot the Transit Authority wants for tokens is going. Listen, Transit Authority, why don't you guys quit riding around in your chauffeur-driven limousines, wondering why the poor people aren't



THE DUDE

Answers to Jazz Quiz pages 42-43

Part I

1, *c* 2, *b* (Whiteman's was the first to popularize jazz, in 1924, but that was at *Aeolian* Hall. Maybe Dad remembers!) 3, *d* (Kenny *was* an MJQ'er. Connete succeeded him on the skins . . . Who's Tony Jackson? A noted 88'er of the New Orleans school. (No relation to MJQ vibist Milt) 4, *c* (as of this date, that is) 5, *b* 6, *b*. 7, *b* 8, *c* (Louie took some highly publicized blasts at bop, but the distinguished author of this one was Coudon . . . and, 'tis said (why disbelieve it?), he immediately proved his point!) 9, *a* 10, *c* 11, *c*. 12, *a* 13, *d* 14, *a*. 15, *b*.

Part II

1, j, 2, n, 3, k; 4, b; 5, p, 6, l, 7, q (now, you *do* get it, don't you?), 8, m; 9, c, 10, o; 11, e; 12, f; 13, t, 14, r, 15, h, 16, a; 17, g, 18, d, 19., i; 20, s

Part III

a) Smith, b) Page, c) Thompson, d) Irwin, Russell or Hunt, e) Johnson, f) Thompson or Millinder, g) Jones, h) Jackson, i) Winding, j) Adderley, k) Hines (*no*, not *Father* O'Connor!), l) Sims, m) Johnson, n) Philips, o) Jacquet.

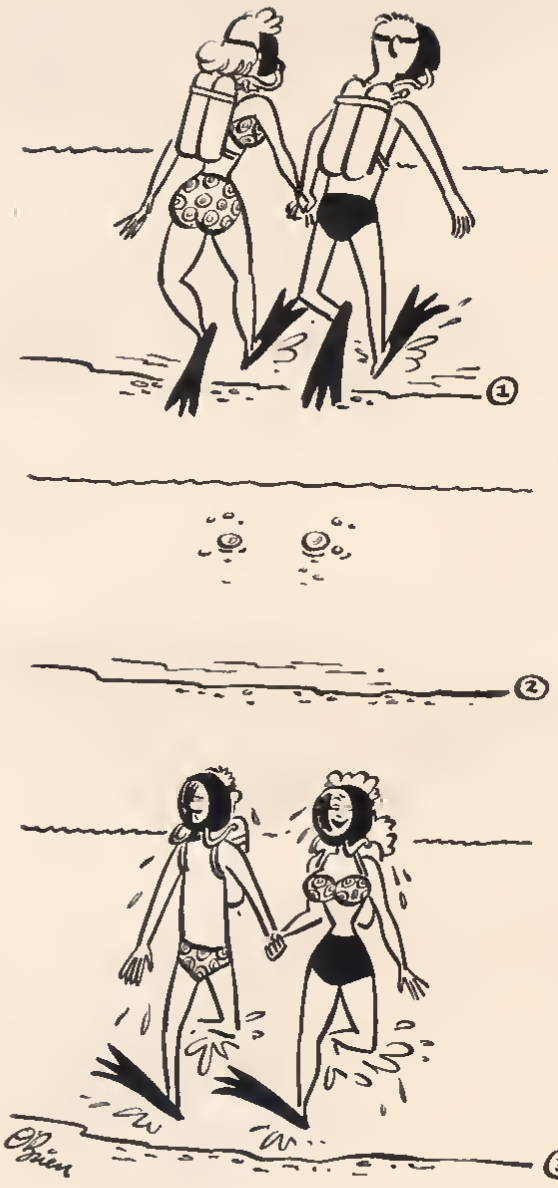
buying any more rapid transit than they absolutely require? They want some fun out of life *once* in a while, that's why, and if you'll just throw that little switch in the central control room, over to the left of the frontal lobes, you'll see in a flash how you can give 'em some, the whilst launching your whole show on a more profitable run than "South Pacific." Like this:

Close off a section of the lowest level of your tracks, down there under Macy's, park some old derelict cars along it, light 'em with candles stuck in bottles, book Rexroth backed up by a cool combo, and advertise in the *avant-garde* quarterlies and the *Village Voice*. "Beatniks! Subterraneans! Now you can be deeper than anybody!"

Take down the "No Smoking" signs and line the platforms with cigarette-vending machines. What the hell, take down the "No *Spitting*" signs and peddle chewing-tobacco.

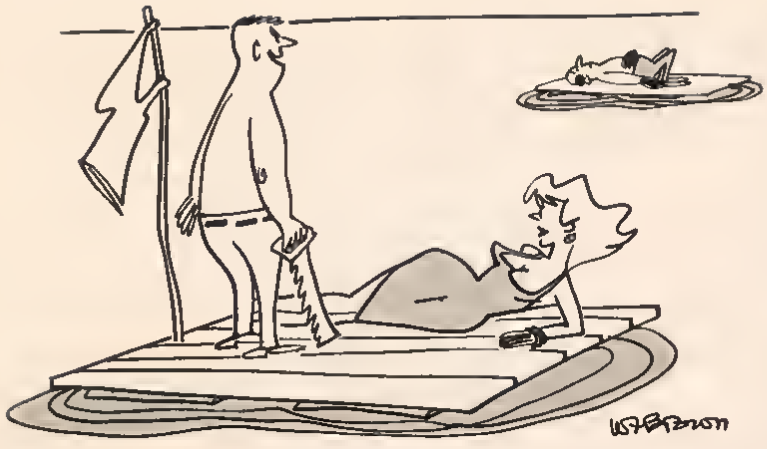
But here's where you'll make your *real* bread. Cancel all those concessions in the arcades and set up your own pitches *inside* the turnstiles! And what percentage you think you make offering *$1.50 worth of free rides at a Rockaway amusement park* (thanks for minding my italics) on a $1.55 ticket? That leaves you holding a lousy nickel for all that transportation. Make the amusement rides *part of the trip*. If the bankrupt Hudson Tubes can spring for air-conditioning and coral rose drapes, what's to prevent the IRT, the BMT and the IND from making a jazzier conversion? All it would take would be to put a few eccentric wheels on the cars and some dips and sharp turns along the tracks and you'd have a set of roller-coaster, Whip and Caterpillar effects that the kids would line up for blocks to get some of at two bits a throw.

And talk about a perfect layout for a Tunnel of Love or a Spooky Ride! You know, where you get in the car with your chick and it goes into a tunnel where it's all pitch black, and creepy cobwebs trail across your face, and phosphorescent skeletons and howling gorillas jump out at you, and weirdo music wails, and ghosts and decapitated heads hanging from gallows and all kinds of gooney things light up as you come along, and the car jerks around and your broad climbs all over you she's so ecstatically scared and thrilled?



THE DUDE

Not in the rush hours, of course, but afternoons and nights, weekends and holidays. I'll bet Salvador Dali would jump at designing the whole spread for no more than peanuts and prestige. You could start the whole thing ballin' with like a Monster Benefit Frolic, for all the underprivileged monsters who deserve a mite of support and a bit of fun now and then. You can put me down for a whole *roll of tickets*, that's for sure, if I can get a pair of reserved seats up front for me and—hope springs eternal—Miss Gloria Subways



THE DUDE

"I'd still love to see his face when he wakes up."

THE WHIMPER

(*continued from page* 25)

"Thank you for coming," Clara said. "Thank you, Harold. I know how busy you must be—"

Rush grunted. "Busy? Yes, I guess so. Still some people who want to be salvaged and soothed before the End—don't ask me why."

His words made her go limp, and when he saw their effect he added quickly. "Don't mind me, Clara. You know how I talk. Hope springs eternal, they say . . ."

"Hope?" Clara said numbly, trying to recall the meaning of the word.

They went into the bedroom together. Clara lifted one of the blinds to admit a meager portion of light into the dim room. She knew the darkness wasn't meant for the comfort of the man in the bed; it was meant for her own tranquility. It was asking too much of her, to look upon the transformed face of the gentle man she had married thirty-eight years ago, to look upon his stony, unyielding features, to look into his warm brown eyes and see glaciers. So she kept the room dark, hiding from herself the sight of Dr. Ernest Kissinger, her husband, her beloved.

"How long has he been like this?" Rush asked briskly, lifting the thin wrist in his hand.

"Since Wednesday. He had been working all night in the laboratory; he didn't even telephone me to say he would be late. It would have been useless, probably, the way the phone service is now—"

"Yes," Rush said, "Go on."

"He came home around seven in the morning, with the same dead look on his face he has now. Only he was moving around, walking strangely, but walking. I spoke to him when he got undressed and into bed, but he didn't answer. I didn't look in on him again until two o'clock—I thought he might want some food. That's when I realized how bad it was."

Rush put a thin beam of light into the man's eyes. "Has he been getting nourishment?"

"I've forced some soup past his lips, but that's all."

Rush sighed, and turned to her. "You know what it is, of course, Clara. It can't be so mysterious to you."

"Yes, but still—"

"We've had a thousand cases of catatonia since the news broke. You have to expect it. As soon as the scientists confirmed it, as soon as there wasn't any doubt that the End was coming—people ran and hid inside themselves—hid in their own bodies as if they were bomb shelters that could shield them from the truth."

Clara started to cry. There were few tears remaining to make a good cry out of it, but she tried.

"As soon as they knew for sure," Rush said dreamily. "When the last percentage point was in place, and there was nothing else to do but wait . . ."

"Hope!" Clara said, trying to bring the word to life. "There must always be hope, doctor—"

"Not this time, Clara. You know that. There's too much radiation in the air; it's only a matter of weeks, maybe days. Nothing can prevent it now." He drew himself up. "Nothing left but work, Clara, and maybe a little dignity."

"My poor Ernest," Clara sobbed, putting her head on his chest. "If only it didn't have to be this way. To die without hearing me speak again, or knowing that he saw me . . ."

Rush was opening his bag. "Perhaps not, Clara. If you wish, I might be able to snap him out of it, for a little while at least."

She clasped her hands. "Could you, doctor? Could you do it?"

"I can try."

He removed the needle and syringe from his bag and stabbed the point into a tiny rubber-capped bottle. He rolled up the patient's pajama sleeve and swabbed an area of skin with a bit of alcohol-soaked cotton. Then he inserted the needle.

Dr. Ernest Kittering lay back on the pillows, and his breathing became more rapid.

"I never would have thought it," Rush said quietly. "That Ernest would take the news this way. I thought he would go on working until the very last minute . . ."

"Yes. Yes, that would have been more like Ernest. Even when he heard the news, he was stunned as we all were. But that night, he worked."

"Yet now he's like this," Rush said, shaking his head. "Why, Ernest, old friend, why?"

On the bed, the man stirred and groaned; sweat beaded his face.

"He's coming to!" Clara cried.

"Wait. Not yet. Don't be so sure."

The eyes opened.

"Ernest!"

He looked back and forth between his wife and his physician, then he shut his eyes again and moaned.

"Ernest, can you hear me? This is Harold. Can you hear me talking to you, Ernest?"

The man on the bed nodded.

"Say something to us, Ernest. Try and talk."

The eyes opened again, fixed on a point in infinity. Then the dry lips parted and made movements without speech. Slowly, painfully, the throat became operative, producing sounds.

"I—I—"

"Yes, Ernest, we're listening," Dr Rush said. "What is it you want to say?"

Dr. Ernest Kissinger spoke, hoarsely, haltingly.

"I've discovered a cure for cancer," he said.

∞

ABSINTHE, ANYONE?

(*continued from page* 46)

demi-mondes to sip their absinthes at the boulevard cafés, and it wasn't long before the popular potable found its way to the Little Paris of America —New Orleans.

Legendre related that the drink, spelled *absynthe* in New Orleans liquor advertisements in the early nineteenth century, became *the* symbol of gracious living for the excitement-loving bon vivants of the city where fashions, fine furniture, great wines, crystal, china and silver were imported to provide a background of splendor.

"If you go around some of the famous men's bars like those in the neighborhood of the Cotton Exchange," he said, "you'll come across an old New Orleans custom, the closing of business deals with absinthe frappe toasts. It's a tradition."

The conversation veered to food, and that seemed a likely topic in a city which boasts some of the finest cuisines in the country. During my stay I couldn't help noting that some of the eating houses are so enormous that one gets the feeling he's entering New York's Coliseum. You find yourself walking from one huge dining room into another, and then upstairs into more, and perhaps upstairs again. And if you wish to dine outdoors in some of those places you'll be seated in a patio as big as a park. Then you're handed a menu with so much print that it seems to be in chapters, all the way from paté de foie and soupe oignon to crepes suzette. Frankly, I was more impressed with the restaurants of New Orleans than I possibly could have been with any kind of drink, even Herbsaint. But there is a connection, as I soon discovered.

"It's used a lot in cooking," Legendre was saying, "and at the best restaurants in the city. When the senior Rockefeller visited here some years ago, the proprietors of Antoine's decided to greet him by creating a specialty dish in his honor, Oysters Rockefeller. In the preparation of this dish, which still is a *specialité de maison* at Antoine's, Herbsaint is always one of the ingredients. It wouldn't be the same without the absinthe flavor."

The mention of oysters somehow got me thinking again. They too have enjoyed a certain reputation. But I didn't bring them up. I wanted to know about Herbsaint's giving people young ideas, and he said he didn't know the answer to that. "Maybe it's so," he conceded.

Then something occurred to me. The power of mass suggestion! Make people believe down through the years that absinthe-family drinks can give them a certain zip and their behavior will automatically go along with the pattern. A sort of induced self-stimulus. I mentioned this to Legendre.

"Maybe," he said.

I offered another hypothesis, dealing with the deceptive mild taste of absinthe-family drinks. When a wolf, seduction-bent, starts plying a girl with Scotch or bourbon or rye, she's wary of what she knows is strong stuff and she guesses his intentions immediately. But if he says, "Let's drink this, darling; it's practically all liquorice and you can drink it all day," the unsuspecting female might go along with that malarkey until invisible birds start singing to her and she herself starts murmuring, "Dear, what are we waiting for?" So, I figured, without using a pencil, maybe the whole long legend about absinthe began when men realized its "scoring" potential! Well, how about that?

Legendre merely shrugged. "Maybe," he said. "Who knows?"

Of course there was a third possibility but I tried not to give it much thought. Shucks, I kept telling myself, there's nothing wrong with me. At least, I hope not!

Next I went to the plant to see how the stuff was made. The fellow who showed me around, Jerome Halpern, who is the company's executive vice-president, said that about seventy per cent of the product was consumed in New Orleans. California, especially around the movie colony, was the second biggest market, and the remainder was available in cities around the country. Plans to expand the market, he added, were under way.

I learned that the herbs, imported from the Orient and France and Spain, are first weighed and blended and then macerated overnight in spirits. Then the herbs are screened out and there's a "marrying time" of 180 days in 574-gallon tanks before bottling. I was somewhat struck by the technical term used there, "marrying time." Gee, I thought, even the herbs are sexy.

Naturally, I wasn't going to leave New Orleans without a jaunt down Bourbon Street, the Vieux Carré's famed highway of frenzied strip tease palaces where female flesh screams for attention. Go to any one of those all-night emporiums with the lights dim inside and you'll behold skimpy G-strings taking a violent beating from bumps and grinds. This is it! I kept telling that to myself with some jubilation. I'll keep ordering Herbsaint and something will have to happen.

But things didn't work out as planned. There was something about those mechanical dames going through their routines that robbed me of all ardor. Even a special attraction in one of the joints, a thirty-nine-inch midget doing a strip, didn't impress me because she kept chewing gum and yawning while doing her act. In one place I went backstage to interview some of the women. Maybe they knew something about the erotic reputation of absinthe drinks and could tell me a little about it. But how are you going to make any sense out of interviews when the only responses you get are, "Oh boy! are you kidding?" and "Those squares out front don't need any kind of drinks to get ideas," and "Any guy who has to drink to get interested ought to go home to his wife for kicks!" So far as I personally was concerned, a close look at those perspiring, wall-eyed muscle twitchers was enough to dispel any hope of romantic anxiety. It wasn't Herbsaint's fault.

∞

CONFRATERNITY

(*continued from page* 32)

. . . is he?" She took a pencil out of her purse and began doodling on the tablecloth. Her scrawls were all feathers jutting out of what looked like demi-tasse cups.

"Listen, don't expect me either to glorify him or damn him. It's over. I'm not going to lie about or detail his playing around. You've seen it. What do you want me to do, pretend it didn't happen?"

"No, but it's funny it happened that night. You said you didn't expect him."

"I didn't."

"I don't know, Ted; it was all so pat, so . . . planned."

"You don't think I planned it, for God's sake? I never once tried to break it up—you both know that. I never once said anything."

"No, you never once *said* anything. Only long, lingering looks of consolation every time we battled."

"I wanted you to know how much I felt sorry for you, how much I wanted to help if I could."

"Next thing you'll say is that you've always loved me."

"But I do; I've loved you for a long time."

I felt myself being carried along on a crest of long pent-up emotions, a wave of release raised my voice higher and higher. I wanted to scream, to shout, to lift her up and carry her away.

"You know I love you but you don't want to believe it. I need you very very much, Nina; I have so much need for you, and I want to give you all the devotion I have. I want to give you everything Ralf wouldn't."

"I don't want it—your 'need' as you put it."

"But I'm offering you everything I am as a person, everything you never got for one minute from Ralf!"

I must have really shouted out that line because the gentlemen and gentlewomen in the Palm Court turned toward me *en masse*. I felt like a boor in a china shop.

"Ted, I came here because I do want to be with you," Nina said, gathering the petals of her rose, which she had slowly shredded, and throwing them into her empty cocktail glass.

"No, you came here because you'd hoped I'd spend the evening glorifying him, or maybe even tearing him down so badly that you'd feel justified in finally leaving him."

"Go away!" she said, her lips quivering slightly. "Go away! I don't want you with me; you're like a goddamn vulture. I can't take your kind of love. It's no kind of love; it's a burden. Something I don't want!"

That bitch! I thought. And I hated myself for saying it, even with the silent voice of my mind. It terrified me to admit to myself that she was not the girl she was when she had been Ralf's. I almost wanted to go back to the old hell again.

But all I said was, "Look, Nina, we'll talk about it again. I'll wait for you till you're ready to accept some love and devotion. You're afraid of what I can give you, afraid of the responsibility of having to give back some real, honest-to-goodness feeling."

"Maybe I don't have anything to give back," she said. "Maybe that's all there is; there isn't any more. Just what you see right now."

"I don't believe it. I won't believe it."

"I don't know either. All I know

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is that I don't want to be involved with a man who needs me more than I need him. I want a man maybe who doesn't need me at all. That's what I need—a strong man— a man like Ralf."

Her voice was a fury to match mine now. Then the waiter came by, completely unperturbed, to ask if we wanted another drink. He didn't even blink when he saw the rose petals mashed in Nina's glass. I wondered if the paragons of the upper middle-classes around us also got hysterically vindictive with their passions and tried to burn their beloveds with the Torch of their own making.

I motioned the waiter away and leaned across the table at this new girl, Nina, and searched for all that had become familiar to me over the past two years. I felt everything I believed in about loving and being loved. There was nothing more I could say. There was nothing worth doing.

We sat for a few minutes in absolute silence, literally catching our breaths. Then the waiter came around a third time and noisily emptied the ash tray and laid the check on the table. I paid, overtipped him, helped Nina from her chair and we went out into the street.

"You'll feel better about this when the damn heat lets up," Nina said. "You'll see. And don't hate me, please. We're both a little crazy from this whole mess. Soon you'll see that you're not Ralf and never can be, maybe even later you'll see that you don't want me for who I am . . . I don't think you know who I am . . but because I was Ralf's girl, and you want anything he has . . . anything."

There was no question of me hating her; I didn't feel a thing. My insides felt numb, empty. As I put her into a cab I realized that nothing had changed—not even what she told me about myself because I didn't believe it—and that I would go on loving her in my own way, needing her, wanting her to love me.

I walked over to Fifth and went walking downtown, counting my steps, making sure I wouldn't touch a boundary line on the asphalt squares. It was not until I was back in my apartment that I realized I had not once told Nina that I thought she was beautiful and that I desired her. Shamefully, surprisingly, I began to accept the fact that desire had nothing at all to do with it. Through the two years I never once imagined how we would be like together in bed. All I wanted was to give her my love . . . and whatever that completeness meant.

After I decided she was crazy about me envying Ralf (after all we were as different as two guys could be and still be friends!), I went to the phone and called him. I wanted to tell him all about it.

When I heard he was with this new girl he was forgetting Nina with. I told him to come on over and bring her along. Any friend of Ralf's is a friend of mine.

∞

IS AUSTIN HEALEY?

(*continued from page 38*)

She said the words "plane crash" in a way that made him understand she had now passed beyond the need for perfunctory sympathy.

"I think your house is lovely," he said, suggesting a line of conversation that might prove productive. "I've always liked the outside, and the inside is even better."

"Come and see the rest of it," she said, giving the reply he had hoped for.

He followed her back down the stairs, feeling that he was making no progress at all. "It's a charming room," he said.

"Yes, perfect for small dinners."

"Is the house yours?" he heard his own voice saying, though he couldn't have cared less.

"Yes, I've bought the house," the woman said with a grimness that brought Austin back to reality. "And now I must just make the best of everything. The kitchen is over there. I doubt you want to see it. Come back up."

At the top of the stairs, she started into a room he hadn't seen, but then glancing openly at her watch, she seemed to change her mind, drew back into the hall, and led him up the stairs to the floor he had yet to see.

On the staircase the green film of her negligee floated out behind her, and Austin drew his fingers lightly across the tantalizing fabric. It was cool to his touch.

"This is my studio," she said, snapping on a light which she snapped off again before he had had more than a glance at a bare room of assorted tables crowded with finished and unfinished looking statues.

"The bedroom's up here."

They mounted three more steps and turned a corner into a dimly lighted room. There seemed to be nothing in it but an enormous bed piled high with pillows. The sheet was turned back in invitation.

She walked to the window. "I watched you from here," she said, leaning forward across the sill.

He walked up behind her, and standing a little to one side, he leaned forward, too, so that his chest brushed lightly against her shoulder. It was his first touch of her. He was intoxicated. Her scent filled him.

(*turn over*)

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Austin stretched his arms across the window and took hold of the frame on either side so that his arms pinned her to the window without touching her. It was late now. The moon stood high in the sky.

She turned away from him and ducked under his arm like a child playing London Bridge. He followed her across the room.

He thought of the stack of economic reports on his desk that must be faced in the morning. There was little point in his staying here if they were to pass their time in cocktail party conversation and children's games, and emboldened by this thought, he began fingering the soft collar of her negligee.

"This is quite lovely," he said, "but it makes you look so different from the first time I ever saw you. Why don't you take it off, so I can be sure you're the right girl."

"Help me," she said, slipping the garment off her shoulders and turning her back to him.

He drew the green film of it down her arms, and threw it to one side on the floor.

Then he turned her around and folded his arms about her.

She lifted her face to his, and they kissed with an urgent yet lingering exchange of feeling that filled him with impatience.

She drew back and smiled at him before she pressed her mouth to his a second time.

He could have believed he was holding her naked body. The nightgown was no more than a mist lying against her skin.

In a voice that sounded thick even to his own ears, Austin said, "How do you like my old school tie?"

"Off, please," she answered. "There's a chair behind you."

He turned away from her and began laying his clothes on the chair, his tie, jacket, shirt, his shoes and socks, and then his trousers.

When he looked back around, she stood where he had left her, though she had turned to face the bed. He walked to her, and standing beside her, he stared into the night as she was staring. His eyes came to rest at once on the clock beside her bed. Again he had the feeling that she was unduly concerned with the time. He brushed aside the notion that she might be expecting someone else.

"May I invite you to lie down," he said.

"In a minute."

He put his hands on her shoulders. She started slightly. He waited a second for her denial, and then he drew her to him once more.

Through the green thinness between them he could feel her breasts against him, and it became suddenly impossible for him to accept the possibility of disappointment.

"Now," he said. He started to pick her up, in the sweeping gesture that looks so impressive in well rehearsed movies, but she slipped away from him and moved voluntarily toward the bed.

He dived on to the bed, before she reached it. She sat on the edge, her back to him, her face to the clock on the wall.

"Now come on," he coaxed her.

"Don't be impatient," she said coolly. "You haven't told me where you were born," and she stretched out miles away from him on the enormous bed.

He reached out for her, but she blocked any affectionate gesture by putting her hands in his. "Where did you say you were born?"

He groaned. "Oh, are you going to be one of those?"

"In New York?"

"Yes."

"New York City?"

"Be quiet," he said. "Come here and let me tell you a secret." He began gently pulling her across the bed towards him.

She seemed to yield at last. At last she was near enough for him to kiss her once again. He put his mouth on hers, and at that second, the sound of a sports car suddenly filled the room.

Vroom. Vroom. Vroooooooom.

His head jerked up. Tommy, he supposed. He had a date with the first Kay, and that was certainly a Triumph.

"What kind of a car is that?" she asked.

"It's a Triumph."

"It doesn't sound like a Triumph to me. I think it's an A."

"Oh no," he said, "that's no MGA. I'll admit those two sound alike, but that's a Triumph."

"I don't believe it," she said.

"Well, would you know if you looked?"

"Of course."

Vroom. Vroom. Vroooooom, continued the car.

(*turn to page 74*)

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"Let's bet," he said, rising from the bed "I'll bet you a black nightgown against," he hesitated, "well, against being against"

"No, I don't want to bet But let's go look"

They marched to the window, and saw that, as Austin had said, it was Tommy in his Triumph

"Maybe it wasn't fair of me to try to bet," he said "It's like this. That fellow dates the first Kay, and I knew they weren't home when I left, but anyhow now you see."

"Yes, I do," she answered in a matter of fact voice, "and are you beginning to see now?"

"What do you mean?"

"Put your clothes on," she said, picking up her negligee and slipping it over her shoulders. "The comedy is over."

"I don't get you," he said with rising irritation

"Oh, come along now Where's your sporting blood?" she said "You mean I have to draw you a picture of what this was all about? You mean you don't understand that I'm sick of the sound of sports cars in the middle of the night and early Sunday morning, and sometimes at the most inconvenient moments And frankly it's happened to me often enough that it's beginning to turn me into a nervous wreck It's impossible to predict when I might be interrupted, no matter what I'm doing You can see what I mean," she finished.

"I'm beginning to see your point," he said casually, relentlessly moving toward her

"I hope you do," she said carefully moving away. "I thought I'd register a complaint in a way that was likely to make an impression. I knew I could count on that one," she said motioning toward the window, and the noisy car outside it "He always goes home promptly at three."

Beginning to show annoyance, he said, "You mean to say you invited me in here with the intention of its ending like this?"

"Yes, put your clothes on You can go home now"

"You know, you're taking a chance," he said, standing with his trousers in his hand. "You could have an unpleasant experience."

"Not from you," she said confidently

Austin shrugged "And so we end, just like this?"

"Why, I hope not," she said softly "There are a couple of things I'd like you to do for me"

"Yes?"

"I just want you to tell the boys to start their cars and go home without warming up for Indianapolis in this residential neighborhood at three in the morning"

The humor of the evening was beginning to break through his annoyance now He could make a marvelous story out of this, particularly with a revised ending "Oh," he said easily, "I'll tell them. You can count on that."

"And the other things—"

"Yes?"

"I thought you might want to ask me to ride with you in a rally one Sunday. You have to admit my timing is superb."

"It's a date," he said, grinning, as he walked out of the room

∞

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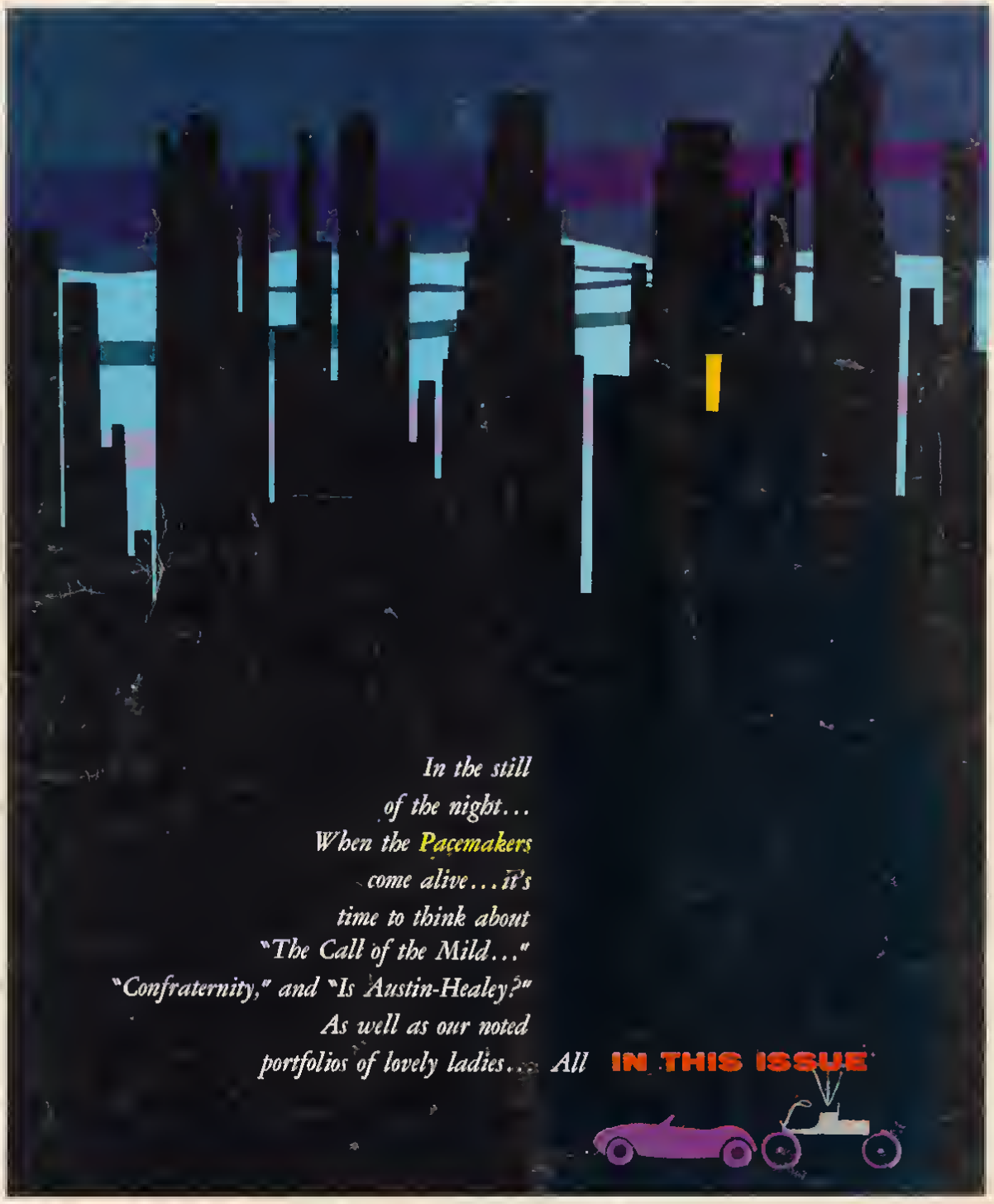
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